The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

Christendom.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Prowess, Noble Atchievements, and Strange Fortune of St. *GEORGE's* Three Sons, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

The Combates and Turnaments of many Valiant Knights, the Loves of many Gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of Mighty Potentates.

ALSO,

The Manner and Places of the Honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies; and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON: Printed by *W. Onley*, for *Ric. Chiswell*, *M. Wotton*, *G. Conyers*, and *B. Walford*. MDCXCVI.

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LONDON: Printed by W. O. for Fr. Coles, &c. Sold at their
C. Corners, and B. Wal[illegible]. MDCXXXVI.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord *William Howard*, *Richard Johnſon* wiſheth Encreaſe of all Proſperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleaſed your moſt Noble Brother in kindneſs to accept of this Hiſtory, and to grace it with a favourable Countenance; ſo am I now emboldned to Dedicate the Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordſhip's Hands, not becauſe I think it a Gift worthy the Receiver; but rather that it ſhould be, as it were, a Witneſs of the Love and Duty which I bear to your Right Noble Houſe.

And when it ſhall pleaſe you to beſtow the Reading of theſe Diſcourſes, my humble Requeſt is, That you would think I wiſh your Honour as many happy Days as there be Letters contained in this Hiſtory.

Thus praying for your Honour's chief Happineſs,

I remain your Honour's in all dutiful Love,

To his poor Power,

R. J.

TO THE
Gentle Reader.

I *Have finished* The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, *for thy Delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my* First Part. *I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy Willingness to Read; only thy Courtesie must be my Buckler against the carping Malice of mocking Jesters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing; but (Monkey-like) make Apish Jests at any thing they see in Print; and nothing pleaseth them, except it savour of a scoffing or invective Spirit. Well, what they say of me I do not care, thy Delight only is my Desire; Accept it, and I am satisfied; Reject it, and this shall be my Penance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Main, from this doubtful Flood of Suspition, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden; if among all the Weeds thou finds one pleasing Flower, I have my Wish.*

Richard Johnson.

The Honourable History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. I.

How St. George's three Sons were entertained into the Famous City of London, and after how their Mother was Slain in a Wood with the Pricks of a thorny Brake; her Blessings she gave her Sons, St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body; and likewise of the Journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

After St. George, with the other six Champions of Christendom, (by invincible Conquests) had brought into Subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody Wars, poked the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the golden Sun beginneth to arise, as hath heard discoursed in the former part of the History, then returned with Conquest of Imperial Diadems, Regal Crowns, Kingly Sceptres, to the rich and plentiful Country of England, where in the famous City of London they many a day solaced, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of valiant Knights, and gallant Gentlemen of [illegible] Behaviour, and therewithal adorned with Troops [illegible] of divine and celestial Beauties, that trip it up and down the Streets like to the Grecian Queens when as they tred the Trojan Warriours in the silken Snares of Love; insomuch it seemed rather a Paradise for heavenly Angels, than a place for earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Arms alive, here hung they up their [illegible] pours on the Bower of Peace, here their glittering Corslets suited in their Armories, here was not heard the warlike sound of Drums nor silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor barbed Steeds prepared to the Martel, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in steeled Coats to sleep in Champion fields, lay dallying

lying now in Beds of Silk; they that had wont with weary Arms to wield the warlike Fauchion, sat now imbracing lovely Ladies on their knees; and they whose Ears had wont to hear the ruful cries of slaughtered Souldiers, were now o'er-clay'd with Pusick's pleasant harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Oblivion, and spending their times in honourable Tilts, and courtly Turnaments; where St. George performed many Atchievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, St. George's three Sons, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderness, and sent into three several Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up; the one in Rome, to the warlike Romans, another into Wittenburg, to the learned Germans, the third into Britain, to the valiant English. But now being grown to some ripeness of Age, and agility of Strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles; and to crave at his hands the honour of true Knighthood, and to wear the golden Spur of Knighthood.

This earnest and princely Request so highly pleased their Parents, that furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most princely, and their welcome so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to express. What sumptuous Pageants and delightful Shows the City devised, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them joyful welcomes, and the over-trained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Father's Joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his eyes, then if he had been made sole Monarch of the golden Mines of rich America; or that every hair that grew on his head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to have as many golden Diadems in his arms. Also their Mother's welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more Kisses than she breathed forth Groans at their Deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions Courtesies were not of the least, nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen, but

to be short, St. George (whose Love was near unto his Children) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that day and the night following in royal Banquetting amongst their princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the morning sun upon the Mountain-tops, and the clear Countenance of the Elements made mention of some insuing Fortune, but St. George commanded a solemn Hunting for the welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to arm themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well-armed Boar-spears in their hands, prepared for the Game on foot; but St. George, with his Sons clad in green Vestments, like Adons, with silver Horns hanging at their Backs, in Scarfes of coloured Silk, were still the foremost in this Exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons Valours dil played in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no, caused a gentle Palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her princely Person to be Witness of these Sylvan Sports; she was armed with a curious Breast-plate, wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bare a silver Bow of the Turkish Fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or Diana Hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus, in this gallant manner, rode forth these Hunters to their princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six Miles from the City of London, there fell from St. George's Nose three drops of purple Blood; whereat he suddenly started, and therewithal he heard the croaking of a flight of night-Ravens, that hovered by the Forrest's side, all which he judged to be direful signs of some insuing Stratagem; but having a princely Mind, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor like wise mistrusted the woful Accident that after happned, but with a noble Resolution entered the Forrest, accounting such forbidding Tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a Mile, but they started a wild Goat Stagg, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Chase to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas; but never beheld how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy; for Sabra, plotting to keep pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of herself, through the over-fondness of her Mind, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly

upon

upon a thorny brake of Brambles, the prickt whereof more sharp than Spikes of Iron, entred in every part of her delicate Body; some pierce the lively Orients of her Paradisiacal Eyes, whereby (instead of crystal pearled Tears) there issued drops of purest Blood; her face hetwixt the Morning's radiant Countenance, was now changed into a Crimson red; her milk white Hands that lately braved the fairest Lilies, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet Glove, and her tender Breast that had often fed her Sons with the milk of Nature, were all torn and torn with those accursed Brambles, from whose deep wounds there issued such a stream of purple Gore, that it embrewed the Grass from a lively green to a crimson hue, and the abundance of Blood that trickled from her Breast began to enforce her Soul to give the ghastly a fatal Farewel: But notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowful Sons, and all the rest of the woful Champions had washed her wounded Body with a spring of Tears; and when she perceived that she must of force commit her self to the fury of imperious Death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation;

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the truest Wife that ever lay by any Prince's side; yet mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your warlike Drums convey me royally to my Tomb, that all the World may write in brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendom) through many a bloody field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends and Country, and have travelled through many a dangerous Kingdom; but now the cruel Fates have wrought their last spight, and finished my Life, because I am not able to perform what Love he hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons this Blessing do I leave behind, even by the Pains that forty Weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Womb, and by my Travels in the Wilderness, whereas my Groans upon your Birth-day did (as my thinking) cause both Trees and Stones to drop down Tears, when as the mercilesse Tygers and tameless Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to hear my Lamentations, and by a Mother's love that ever since I have born you, imitate and follow your Father in all his honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpless Widow, defend the Honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Souldiers, look not to ransom the unpoured Virgins with your Gifts, and adventure evermore to redeem true Christians from Captivity, live evermore mortall Enemies to Paganism, and spend your Lives in the Quarrel and Defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn)

in

in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind, for now I feel the chilness of pale Death cloting the Closets of mine Eyes: Farewel vain World, dear Lord farewel, sweet Sons, you famous Followers of my Orange, and all true Christian Knights, adieu.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she yielded up the Ghost: whereat St. George (being impatient in his sorrows) fell upon her lifeless Body, tearing his Hair, and rending his Hunter's Attire from his back into many pieces: and at last when his Griefs were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter Lamentations:

Gone is the Star (quoth he) that lighted all the Northern World; whithered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields; dead is the Dame that for her beauty stained all Christian Women, for whom I'll fill the Air with everlasting Moans. Yea this day henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a cursed day of Death: let never the Sun shew forth his Beams thereon again, but Clouds as black as pitch cover the Earth with fearful Darkness: let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth be blasted with unkindly Winds: her Brambles, Herbs and Flowers consume and wither: let Grass and blooming Buds perish and decay, and all things near the place where she was slain be turned to dismal, black and ghastly colour, that the Earth itself in mourning Garments may lament her loss: let never Bird sing chearfully on top of Trees, but like the mournful Musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Air with fatal Tunes: let bubling Rivers murmure for her loss, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing doleful Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatal Woods be covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sigh-killing Cockatrices: on blasted Trees, let fearful Ravens shriek, let Howlers cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may be called a place of dead Mens wandring Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why do I thus Lament in vain, and bath her bleeding Body with my Tears, when Grief by no means will recal her Life? yet this shall satisfie her Soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Jerusalem, and offer up my Tears to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained Soul may be washt from this bloody Guilt, which was the cause of this sorrowful day's mishap.

These sorrowful words were no sooner ended, but he took her bleeding Limbs between his trembling Arms, and gave a thousand kisses upon her dying coloured Lips, straining her pale colour of Alabaster new staind in Purple blood; and with these sorrowful sighing, gave way to others bountiful tears.

But his Sons whose sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some Tears upon their Mother's Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her Death, as did the Violet that sprung from cruel Adonis's Blood, where Venus wept to see him slain. Likewise the other six Champions (that all the time of their Lamentations stood like Men drowned in the depth of Sorrow) began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spur and golden Garter of St. George's Leg, to accompany him unto the Holy Land there barefoot, without either Hose or Dress, only clad in russet Cabricotines, like the usual Pilgrims of the World, and never to return till they had paid their Vows at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this lamentable manner wearied they the time away, filling the Streets with echoes of their Lamentations, and resolving their Dolours to the whistling Winds; but at last when black Night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the crystal Firmament, they retired with her dead Body back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical Accident, drowned their Friends in a Sea of Sorrow; for the news of her untimely Death was no sooner hunted abroad, but the fame caused both Old and Young to lament the loss of so sweet a Lady. The silver-headed Age that had wont in fear, for Coward to steer in Counsel, sat now in discontented Griefs; the gallant Youth and comely Virgins, that had wont to beautify the Streets with costly Garments, went blubbering up and down in mournful Vestures; and those remorseless Hearts that seldom were oppressed with Sorrow, now constrained their eyes like Fountains to distil floods of bitter and pearly Tears.

This general Grief of the Citizens continued for the space of three Days; at the end whereof, St. George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her Body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State, like the Tomb of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World, or like to the Pyramids of Greece, which was a Stain to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Nymphs, bathing themselves in a crystal Fountain, as a witness of her wondrous Chastity, against the lustful Allailments of all lascivious Temptations.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-dove sitting to

on a Tree of Gold, in sight of the true Love that he hope to her betrothed Husband.

Also a silver coloured Swan swimming upon a crystal River, as a token of her Beauty; for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whiteness, so she excelled all the Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious Workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, enamelled with Silver and Jasper-stones: and I omit the Pensants of Gold, the Escutcheons of Princes, and the Arms of Countries that beautified her Tomb, the Discourse whereof requires an Orators Eloquence; or a pen of Gold dipt in the Well of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus's Hill, where all the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was rarely cunningly in Alabaster, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of green Silk, like to Pigmalion's Ivory Image, and hereby over the same hung a silver Table, wherein in Letters of Gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the Wonder of this Worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful Death in his imperious Rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthless Cruelty,
For as she sported in a fragrant Wood,
Upon a thorny Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies fair and Princes of great might,
With silver-pearled Tears bedew this Tomb;
Accuse the fatal Sisters of despight,
For blasting thus the Pride of Nature's Bloom;
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whose Worth deserves a golden Tomb to have.

Seven Years she kept her pure Virginity,
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did pursue her Chastity,
Whilst he remained in Prison day and night;
But yet we see that things of purest Prize,
Forsake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies come Mourn with doleful Melody,
And make this Monument your settled Bower;
Here shed your brackish Tears eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour;

For here the ruthfull'st Tale ever beseen;
Here Beauty's Pride lies buried in the Ground.
Her wounded Heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
With eight seven Knights a Journey for to take,
To fair Jerusalem, in Pilgrims Weeds,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake,
Because their Sinful Sport was chiefly guilt,
And only slaughter'd Blood was guiltless spilt.

Thus after the Tomb was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a silver Tablet, they all (according to Saint George's Intention) left the Court of London, under the Government of the English King, and in company of the other six Champions, betook themselves to their Journey towards Jerusalem.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in sad Sanctimonious weeds, in their hands they bare Staves of Elm-wood, tipt at the ends with silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lydian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Corinthian proof, upon their Breasts hung Crosses of crimson Silk, to signifie that they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring-time of the year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Nature's Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they trolled the Seas, the silver Waves seemed to lie as smooth as crystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the Waters, as a sign of a prosperous Journey. As travelling by Land, the ways seemed to hoist and sing, and the chirping melody of Birds made them feel Musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entered the Confines of Africa.

There were they forced instead of Down-beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon heaps of sun-burnt Sods; and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to tread the Lately Streets, and to trample in Fields of Pagans Blood, were forced to climb the craggy Mountains, and to endure the soreness of pricking Briers, as they travelled through the defart Places, and comfortless solitary Wildernesses.

CHAP. II.

and the Snow lap freezing on the Mountain-tops; yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several Flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia; in diversity of colours like the glittering Rain-bow, when it shineth in greatest Pride, and casting such odoriferous Scent and Savour, as the Eye Heaven had rained down showers of Champhire, Bils, or sweet smelling Ambergreece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered in his hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebon Chair upon a black of Steel (practising her fatal Arts;) with her Hair hanging about her Shoulders like wreaths of Snakes, or inamoured Serpents, and so returned to his Brother's Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Brother's Tomb, and brought in his hand an Indian Lute, whereon he played such inspiring melody, that it far exceeded the harmony of Angels, or the celestial Skill of Apollo, when he lamented upon the Lute of Daphne, whom he turned into a Bay-Tree; and this being finished, he cast his Lute in a Damask Scarf, and with great humility he hung it at the West end of the Tomb, upon a knob of a Jasper-stone.

Lastly, The third Brother likewise repaired with no outward Devotion of worldly Gifts, but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an Instrument of Death, like an innocent Lamb going to Sacrifice, or else ready to be offered up for the Love of his Brother's Soul.

This strange manner of repair caused his other Brothers to [illegible] attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose. [illegible] he (submitting himself, and with great humility) let fall [illegible] of silver Tears from the rivers of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Brother's timeless Tragedy; he pierced his [illegible] with a silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, [illegible] wherein there trickled down some thirty drops of Blood, which he after offered to his Brother's Tomb in a silver Basin, [illegible] an evident sign that there could be nothing more dear, [illegible] precious price, than to offer up his own Blood for [illegible] This ceremonious Gift caused his two other Brothers to [illegible] in hatred like to chased Lions, and run with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the head, and drag him about their Brother's Tomb, till his Beard were [illegible]

ed against a Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinkled upon her Cheek; but this wicked Enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that e'er they could accomplish their Intents, or stain their hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of dead Mens Bones rating in the ground, whereupon looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of itself to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible ghastly Shape, pale like unto ashes, in Countenance resembling their Father, with her Breast bemangled in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Scars, and so with a dismal and ruful look she spake unto her deperate Sons in this manner:

Oh you Degenerate from Nature's kind! why do you seek to make a Murther of yourselves? can you indure to see my Body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Womb dismembred? Abate this fury, stain not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tomb a Spectacle of more Death. Unite yourselves in Concord, that my discontented Soul may sleep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled Humour. Make haste, I say, arm yourselves in steel Corslets, and follow your valiant Father to Jerusalem, he is there in danger and distress of Life; away, I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but haunt you up and down with ghastly Visions.

This being said, she banished from their sight into the brittle Air, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of Wits, through the terrours of her Words; but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continual Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to live in better Concord, till the dissolution of their earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King, and certified him of all things that had happed; and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knighthood, with leave to depart in pursuit of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfil their Requests, presently condescended, and not only gave them the honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with rich Habiliments of War, answerable to their magnanimous Minds; First, he framed them Helmets upon their Heads, beset with precious Stones, like unto the bright Mountains of Sardinia, in colour of an Emerald green, beautified with silver Bears, and in part shutting down Spanish Jennets, (which are a kind of Horse ingendred on the Winds upon the Alps, certain craggy Mountains that divided the Confines of Italy and Germany) full lustily and strongly

like to Bucephalus, the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsar's Steed, that never beared in the field: and they were trapped with rich Trappings of Gold, after the Moroeco Fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron chairs, with backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords, wrought of purest Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with plates of Gold, at the top whereof hung silken Streamers, beautified with the English Crois, being the trimton Badge of Knighthood and Honour of adventurous Champions. Thus, in this royal manner, rode these three young Knights from the City of London, in company of the King, with a train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, who conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are St. George's Sons floating upon the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enrol their Names in the Records of Honour. Fortune prosper them successfully, and gentle Destinie smile upon their Travels, for these brave Knights did never trode the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countries.

CHAP. III.

How St. George's Sons, after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary, and how they redeemed the Duke's Daughter of Nazmandon from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny-moores, and also of the tragical Fate of the Virgin's strange Miseries, with other Accidents.

Many days had not these three magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Billows, but with a prosperous and successful Wind, they arrived upon the Coasts of France, where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they thankfully rewarded their Mariners, and betook themselves unto their intended Travels.

So began their noble knights Deeds to pass it like the rumbling Thunder, and with their warlike Books to thunder on the brazen Pallaces which began true Honour to [illegible] their princely Hearts, and the Renown of their Fathers Acts to encourage their Desires. Although tender Youth [illegible]

but budding on their Cheeks, yet manly Manhood triumphs in their Hearts; and although their childish Arms as yet never tryed the painful adventures of Knight-hood; yet bore they high and princely Cogitations in as great esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mother's life.

Thus travelled they to the farther part of the Kingdom of France (guided only by the Direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last rising the brow a mighty Forest standing on the Borders of Lusitania, they heard (afar off as it were) the pitiful cries of a distressed Woman, whose in this manner filled the Air with echoes of her Woans:

O Heavens! (said she) be kind and pitiful unto a Maiden in Distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This woful and unexpected noise, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the event of this Accident: So after they had tied their Steeds to the body of a Pine-tree, by the Reins of their Bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any assailment whatsoever; and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pitiful moving Lamentation the second time:

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious Jewel which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way to the Maiden's Succour. Where approaching her presence, they found her tyed by the locks of her own hair to the trunk of an Orange tree, and three cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to offer her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to stain the blooming Rose of her dear and unspotted Virginity.

But when St. George's Page beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Milk, and her Eyes at Eyes, like seven patterns of Beauty, interwoven in flowers of Love, at the instant they ran upon the Negroes, and clothed their [illegible] in their [illegible] Bowels; the Ledebert [illegible] their Blows [illegible] the Fiends, and their [illegible] ceased not [illegible] Death to [illegible] Knights demanded the cause of her [illegible] seeing she came into [illegible]

Knights (quoth she) and true renowned Men at Arms, to tell the cause of my passed Misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your princely Behaviour, and kind Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murthered, shall so much imbolden me, though unto my Heart's great Grief, to Discourse the first cause of my miserable Fortune:

My Father (quoth she) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Country now situated in the Kindom of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe; wherefore the King of France greatly envied, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for safeguard of his life, in company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious Pains hath been Builded with plants of Vines and Oaken-boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and turfs of Grass: seven Years we have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hunger with the Fruits of Trees, and quenching of our Thirst with the Dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers; and here instead of princely Attire, imbroidered Garments, and damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together; here instead of Musick, that wont each morning to delight our Ears, we have the whilstling Winds resounding in the Woods; our Clocks to tell the Minutes of the wandring Nights, are Snake and Toads, that sleep in roots of rotten Trees; our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Arabian Silk, the which Indian Virgins Weave upon their silver Looms, but the sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chearful day hath closed her crystal Windows up: Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, these merciless Tawny-moores (whose hateful Breasts you have made to water the parched Earth with streams of Blood) who as you see came into our Cell, thinking to have found some store of Treasure; but casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustful Desires, only to crop the sweet Bud of my Virginity; then with furious and dismal Countenance, more black than the sable Garments of sad Melpomene, when she mournfully writes of bloudy Tragedies and with Hearts more cruel than was Nero's the tyranous Roman Emperor, when he beheld the Entrails of his natural Mother laid open by

his inhumane and mercileſs Commandment, or when he ſtood upon the higheſt top of a mighty Mountain, to ſee that famous and imperial City of Rome ſet on fire by the remorſeleſs hands of his unrelenting Miniſters, that added unhallowed Flames to his unholy Furies. In this kind, I ſay, theſe mercileſs and wicked minded Negroes with violent hands took my aged Father, and moſt cruelly bound him to the blaſted Body of a withered Oak, ſtanding before the entry of his Cell; where neither the reverend honour of his ſilver Hairs, gliſtering like the frozen Iſikles upon the Northern Mountains, nor the ſtrained Sighs of his Breaſt, wherein the Pledge of Wiſdom was inthronized, nor all my Tears or Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father faſt bound unto the Tree, and like egregious Vipers took me by the Trammels of my golden Hair, draging me like a ſilly Lamb unto this ſlaughtering place, intending to ſatisfie their Luſt with the flower of my Chaſtity. Being uſed thus, I made my humble Supplication to the higheſt Majeſty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties: I reported to them the rewards of bloudy Raviſhments, by the Example of Tereus, ſometime King of Thrace, and his furious Wife, that in revenge of her Siſter's Raviſhment, cauſed her Husband to eat the Fleſh of his own Son. Likewiſe, (to preſerve my undefiled Honour) I told them that for the Rape of Lucrece the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole Name was ever baniſhed out of Rome, with many other Examples: thus, like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther, yet neither the Fears of Heaven, nor the terrible Threats of Hell could mollifie their bloudy Minds; but they proteſted to perſevere in that Wickedneſs, and vowed that if all the Leaves of the Trees, that grew within the Wood, were turned into Indian Pearls, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streams of Pactolus, where Midas waſht her golden Wiſh away, yet ſhould they not redeem my Chaſtity from the ſtain of their inſatiable and luſtful Deſires. This being ſaid, they bound me with the Trammels of mine own Hair to this Orange-tree, and at the very inſtant they proffered to defile my unſpotted Body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed me from their tyrannous Deſires, but quit the World from three of the wickedeſt Creatures that ever Nature framed; for which (moſt noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgin's Prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Prince's Ear, as far as bright Hyperion doth ſhew his golden Face.

This tragical Tale was no ſooner ended, but the three Knights (with remoſeful Hearts ſobbing with Sighs) imbraced the ſorrowful Maiden between their Arms, and earneſtly requeſted her to

to conduct them unto the place whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oak; to which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness, but before they approached unto the old Man's prison, what for the grief of his Banishment, and violent Usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up his miserable Life to the mercy of unavoidable Death. When St. George's valiant Sons, in company of this sorrowful Maiden came to the Tree, and contrary to their Expectations found her Father cold and stiff, devoid of Sense and Feeling, his Hands and Face covered with green Moss, which they supposed to be done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare parts of any Body that they find dead in the Field, they all fell into a new round of extremity of grief; but especially his Daughter, having left all Joy and Comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations, and mourned without Comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, Lamenting for the loss of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless Sorrow of the Virgin, and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her days in company of her Father's dead Body; they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chesnut-tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Grave with her Tears, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forest tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their Journey, where we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Seven Champions of Christendom, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Jerusalem, and what strange Adventures happned to them in their Travel.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damascus; how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Giant, and how after they were delivered by St. George; and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison, with divers other strange Accidents that hapned.

LEt us now speak of the favourable Clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to Jerusalem; for after they were departed from England, and had journied in their Pilgrims Attire through many strange Countries,

tries, at last they arrived upon the Confines of Damasco, which is a Country very much beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of Man's Device, but also furnished with all the precious Gifts that Nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary Steps, and made their abode in the House of a rich and courteous Jew, [illegible] that lent his wealth liberally for the Succour and Comfort of Travellers and Strangers, this Citizens House was not curiously created up of red Brick or Timber work, but framed with quarries of new Stones, and supported with many stately Pillars of the purest Marble, the gates and entry of his house stood continually open, in sign of his bountiful mind, and Crystal Crystal did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously wrought upon the Picture of Ceres the Goddess of Plenty, [illegible] with Garlands of Wheat wreaths of Olives, bunches of Grapes, and with all manner of fruitful things, the Chamber wherein these Champions rested their mighty bodies that night, was garnished with as many windows of Crystal Glass, as there were Days in the Year, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as there were Years since the first Creation, it was likewise built four square, after the manner of Pyramids in Greece, at the East end thereof was most lively portrayed in Gold Phoebus with his Aurora's golden Face, [illegible] the Elements to her departure, at the West like wise portrayed how Thetis [illegible] upon the silver Seas, where as Hyperion's fair Steeds to the earth Dream, and take his rest, Resolve upon his Ebon Throne, on the South side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and bright Woods over-spread with silver Icicles, which is the nature of the Northern Climate. Lastly, upon the North side of the Chamber sat the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphin's back, a troop of Mermaids following him, [illegible] golden Trumpets sharing upon the Water at their [illegible] there the Tritons seemed to dance about the Crystal Streams, with a number of the other Water-Nymphs that made a pleasant Consort for Pleasure. Over the Roof of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the Twin-Signs of the Zodiack, which seemed to overhang the rest of the curious work. [illegible] Golden Arch pendant over the East. The second part the Author (Sabellius somewhat later) seemed to over [illegible]

tyted which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Western Parts. The fourth and last of all being of Iron, (the best basest of them all) seemed to be fixed towards the Southern Climate. Thus in this Chamber rested these weary Champions a long season, where their Food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their Services not curious, but comely: the courteous Jew their friendly Host whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sons, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the Curiosities of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant Situation of his Country, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of Delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperial Palaces of Jove, where they heard most delightful Harmonies, and the pleasant fields and flourishing Meadows to be artified with Nature's glorious Ornaments, that they seemed to Present the Palace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some days were spent away in this manner, to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and thereunto when the dark Night approached, and the wonted time of Sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet Rests, the Jew's Children, being seven as brave and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Champions Ears with such sweet and delicate Melodies, greatly pleasured from their young Lutes, that not Arion (when all the Art of sweet Musick contained with his Tune, Notes and Hand, when he won favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of Men) was comparable thereto; whereby the Christians were inchanted with such Delights that their Sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet Joys of Elesium: but upon a time, after the courteous Jew had Intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the Wonders of the World for Martial Discipline and Knightly Adventures; and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their Companies upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul, and the caute of his so sad and solitary dwelling. So standing bare-headed in the presence of the Champions, with his white hair hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the silver Swan, and softer than the Down of Thistles, or Median Silk just wrought, he began with a sober Countenance and gallant Demeanour to speak as followeth:

I am sure (quoth he) you invincible Knights, that you marvel at my solitary course of Living, and that you greatly muse, wherefore I exempt

kept myself from the company of Worldlings, except my seven Sons, whose sight were my chief Comfort, and the only Prolongers of my Life; therefore prepare your Ears to entertain the strangest Discourse that ever Tongue pronounced, or wearied old Man in the height of his extremity delivered: I was in my former Years (whilst Fortune smiled upon my Happiness) the principal Commander, and chief Owner of a certain Fountain, of such wonderful and precious Vertue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdom of Jurina; the Water thereof was so strange in the Operation, that in four and twenty Hours it would convert any Mettal, as Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead or Tin, into rich refined Gold; the stony Flint into pure Silver, any kind of Earth into excellent Mettal: By the Vertue thereof, I have made the Leaves of Trees a flourishing Forest of Riches, and the Blades of Grass valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Country of Armenia. The Vertue thereof was no sooner bruited through the World; but it caused many Foreign Knights to try the Adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the Honour of this Fountain. But at that time Nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, whereof seven be yet living, and the only Comfort of my Age; but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath bereaved me of) many a day by their valiant Prowess and matchless Fortitudes defended the Fountain from many great and furious Assailers; for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible Courage, that if they but once attempted to Incounter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken Prisoners, or slain in the Combate. The Fame of their Valours, and the Riches of the Fountain run through many strange Countries, and lately, came to the Ears of a furious Giant, dwelling upon the Borders of Arabia, who at the report thereof came armed with his steely Coat, with a mighty Hat of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the brazen Gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountain Atlas upon his Shoulders; he was the Conqueror of my Sons, and the first Causer of my sudden Downfal: But when I thus had intelligence of the Overthrow of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made Conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the rest of my Children, thinking all hope of Recovery to be past, betook ourselves to this solitary course of Life, where ever since in this Mansion or Hermitage we have made our abode and residence, bending our Wealth to the relief of traveling Knights and wandring Pilgrims, hoping once again that smiling Fortune would advance us to some better Hap; and to be plain, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at the height of full perfection, till this present time, wherein your excellent Presences almost assure me that the Infidels Monster shall be conquered, my Fountain restored, and all my Sons Deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

Let

The Champions, with great Admiration, gave ear to the strange Discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended the Counsel of his extraordinary Rumours to understand this Adventure, and the more to encourage the other, St. George began in this manner to utter his doing, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his valiant Fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous Man) heard the strange Discourse of this admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberal a Disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding Riches, neither am I less sorry that so inhumane a Monster, and known Enemy to all Courtesie and Kindness, should have the Fruition of so exceeding great Treasures, for to the Wicked, Wealth is the cause of their more Wickedness. But that which most grieveth me is, That having had so many valiant Knights to his sons, they always so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that relentless Monster; but be comforted, kind old Man; for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were directed hither to Punish that hateful Giant, & revenge the Injuries offered to thine Age, & make with his Death, the Death of thy Children, at once be Dead, and restore to thy bountyous Posterity that admirable Fish-Fountain again to its Lawful Lords.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many Dangers have adventured, let us courageously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such Happiness to our Friends, such Glory to God consists, in recovering Right to the Wronged, and punishing rightfully the Wrongers of the Oppressed, and there be no Contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all your thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Portion falleth, let him be foremost in Assaying the Giant, and to good Hearts the one Gauntlet of all.

The reverend Jew, which the old Jew conceived at the Eagerness of St. George, had great hard heart of the use of Speech, but length recovering the use of Speech, he thus thankfully broke forth in to answer.

How infinitely I find myself bound unto you, you famous and undaunted Christian Champions, all my Ability is not able to express, only Thankfulness from the depth of a true Heart shall to you be rendered.

The Champions following their Host, entering their Lots from their Helms, to see on whom the chief Portion fell, to be foremost in the Assay of the Giant, which Lot fell on St. George, for that he was the youngest Knight, and the Lots being cast, they returned to their Host, and with him entered the Castle, where they found the Giant sitting at his Table, and his Children (for dead they were) reviewed

ready drest to mount the lofty stirrop; but as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Giant, but singly every one to try his one Fortune, thereby to obtain the greater Honour, and their Deeds to merit the higher Fame; therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to St. Dennis the noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoyced at his fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readiness; but the next morning no sooner had the golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but St. Dennis arose from his sluggish bed, and attired himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron gray, with a spangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glistering Stars. Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions, and had demanded of the Jew where the Giant had his residence, he departed forward on his Journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Giant's presence, who as then sate upon a Block of Steel direct before the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his thirst with the Juice of ripe Grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the valour of the French Champion, that he stood in a maze, whether it was better to try the Adventure, or return with dishonour back to his other fellow-knights; but having a heart furnished with true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with Infamy; so committing his Trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth his Horse, and assailed the Giant so furiously, that the strokes of his Sword sounded like a mighty blow hammered upon an Anvile. But so small a regarded the Giant the puissant force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he sate, but yet remembring a strange Dream that a little before he had in his Sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Climates of the Earth, which should end his long and bloody Adventures at this Fountain, and vanquish him by Fortitude, therefore not minding to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a grim countenance he ran upon St. Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all under his left arm, as lightly, as a strong Man would take a tender sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with Bars of Iron, standing near unto

the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains; in which Vallon he elects the French Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were Sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discovered, and being glad of that Attempt, he returned to the Rock of Steel, where we will leave him sitting glorying in his own Conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Jew's house, expecting the French Knight's fortunate return; but when the sable Curtains of Darkness were drawn before the crystal Windows of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no news was heard of the Champion's Success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or else discomfited and taken Prisoner; therefore they cast Lots again which of them the next morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the French Knight's Quarrel; to the Lot fell to St. James, the noble Champion of Spain, whereat his princely heart rejoiced more than if he had been made King of the western Isles. So in like manner on the next morning by break of day he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in pace most swift and speedy, and in point like to Bucephalus the proud Steed of Macedonian Alexander; his Caparison was in colour like to the Flames of Fire; his Surcoat was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers, and upon his Shield he bore the Arms of Spain. Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jew's habitation, leaving the other Champions at their virtuous Contemplations for his happy Success; but his Fortune chanced contrary to his Wishes, for at the Giant's first Encounter he was likewise born to the Earth of Stone, to accompany St. Denis.

This Giant was the strongest and hardiest Knight at Arms that ever set foot upon the Confines of Damaske; his Strength was so invincible, that at one time durst encounter with an hundred Knights: But now to return we again to the other Champions, tarrying when night approached, and likewise missing Saint James, they cast Lots the third time, and it fell to the noble Champion of Italy, St. Anthony, who on the next morning attired himself in Habiliments of War, and mounted upon a Babilish Destrier, as richly as did the valiant Jason, when he adventured into the Isle of Colcos for the golden Fleece, and for Medea's Love; his Helmet glittered like an icy Mountain decked with a Plume of ginger-coloured Feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soon blemish-

so

to wield a sword of mischance, for although he was as valiant a Knight for any Weapon in the Fields of Mars, yet he found his disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blows of the Giant, in such sort that he was forced to yield himself prisoner like the former Champions. The next Lot that was cast, chanced to St. Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martial Discipline as any of the rest; his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Circians; his Armour burnished with green Oples, like the colour of the Summer fields, upon his Head he bore a Crown of purple Silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that he nothing prevailed, but continued his Life to the mercy of the Giant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights. The fifth Lot fell to St. Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Atchievements: If ever Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the Streets of Troy, and made that Age admire his Fortitude, this Irish Knight might countervail his Valour: For no sooner had the Moon forsook the azure Firmament, and had committed her Chariot to the golden burnish'd Sun; but St. Patrick approached the sight of the Giant, mounted upon his Irish Pobby, clad in a Corslet of Steel, beautified with silver Nails; his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgil's Hair: his Horse covered with a Veil of Orange-tawny Silk, and his saddle bound about with Plates of Steel, like an Iron Chair. The sight of this valiant Champion so daunted the Courage of the Giant, that he thought him to be the Knight that the Vision had revealed, and by whom the Adventure should be accomplished; therefore with no cowardly Spirit he assailed the Irish Knight, who with as princely valour endured the encounter; but the unkind Destinies not intending to give him the honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yield to the Giant's Force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions. The next Lot fell to St. David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the other Christian Knights, but at the morning Sun's uprise into the azure Firmament arrived in his Silver Armour before the Fountain, with a golden Dragon blazing on his Breast, where he endured a long and dangerous Combat with the Giant, making the Skies rebound with Echoes of their Strokes; but at last when the Giant perceived that St. David began to overwhelm him, redoubling his Blows, and defending the huge and mighty Blows of his steely Foe,

and thereby through his long Encounter, the Giant renued his Strength, and redoubled his Stroake, that St. David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the Giant's Force.

But now the invincible and heroical Champion of England, St. George, he that was Fame's true Knight, that Map of Honour, and the Worlds Wonder, remaining in the Jew's Pavilion, and pondring in his mind the bad success of the other Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure, he fell into great Contemplation: (Quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of purple Blood, and made my Enemies to swim in Streams of crimson Gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfitted six of the bravest Knights that ever Nature framed; I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt; I conquered the terrible Giant that kept the enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians: then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud my Name. In this manner spent he away the Night, hoping for the happy Success of the next Day's Enterprize, wherein he vowed by the honour of his golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with honour valiantly. And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a fair purple colour, he repaired to the Jew's Armory, and clad himself in a black Corslet, mounting himself upon a pitchie coloured Steed, adorned with a blood red Camparison, in sign of a bloody and tragical Adventure; his Plume of Feathers was like a flame of Fire quenched in Blood, as a token of speedy Revenge; he armed himself not with a light Launce, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of Steel, the one end sharpned like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club. Being thus armed according to his wished desires, he took leave of the Jew and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Success, and so departed proudly to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Giant sleeping carelesly upon his block of Steel, dreading no ensuing Danger. But when the valiant Champion St. George was alighted from his Horse, and fully friendly beheld the deformed proportion of the Giant, how the Hair of his head stood staring upright like the bristles of a wild Boar, his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharp like to Spikes of Steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Tal-

with of an Eagle, over which was drawn a pair of Iron gibbes;
and every other Limb huge and strong in proportion, like to
the body of some mighty Ox, the wrathful Champion awaiteth
him in this order: Arise (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster,
and either make delivery of the captive Knights whom thou wrongful-
ly detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my
warlike Arm and death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Giant started up, as one suddenly
amazed or affrighted from his sleep, and without making a-
ny reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his hands, and
with great terrour let drive at the most worthy English Cham-
pion, who with exceeding cunning and nimbleness defended him-
self from the danger, by speedy avoiding the violent Blows,
and withal returned on his adversary a mighty thrust with the
pointed or sharp end of the Javelin, which glanced from the
Giant's Body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine
Pillar. The which the invincible Knight, St. George, perceiv-
ing turned his heavy round-ball-end of his Battle Javelin, and
so mightily assailed the Giant, redoubling his heavy Blows
with such contagious fortitude, that at last he beat his Brains
out of his deformed Head, whereby the Giant was constrained
to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a piteous Roar, as tho'
the whole Frame of the Earth had been shaken with the vio-
lence of some clap of Thunder. This being done, St. George
cast his loathsome Carkass as a Prey to the Fowls and rapacious
Beasts to seize upon; and after diligently searched up and down,
till he found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions
were imprisoned, the which with his keen Javelin he burst in
sunder and delivered them presently from their Servitudes, and
after returned most triumphantly back to the Jew's Pavilion,
in as great Majesty and Royalty as Vespasian with his Roman
Nobles and Peers returned into the Confines of Gaul, having lea-
dy from the adorned and glorious Conquest of Jerusalem and
Judea.

But when the reverend Jew into the English Champion return
with Victory, together with his other 6 fellow-champions,
and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his Joy
so inwardly exceeding the bounds of Reason, that he suddenly
swooned, and lay for a time in a dead Trance, with the great
exceeding [illegible] But having a little recovered
of his decayed Senses, he [illegible] into their Lodgings, and there [illegible]

Wounds washed in white wine and new Milk, and after had quieted them in the best manner he could devise; at which Conquest there wanted not all the excellency of Gifts that the Jews Sisters younger Sons could devise, exalting in their sweet sorrows the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captivated Brethren, but reflored, by that ugly Giant's deserved Death, their aged Father to the possession of his Golden Fountain. Thus after Saint George with the other Six Champions had sojourned there for the space of fifteen days, having placed the Jew with his Sons in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the government of the Golden Fountain; they clearly discharged themselves again in their pilgrims Habit, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Of whose noble Adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to Jerusalem, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood; and how St. George obtained them Food by his Valour in a Giant's House, with other things that hapned.

THe Champions after this Battel of the Golden Fountain never rested travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Sion, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly Built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple wherein it was erected, stood seven Degrees of Stairs down within the Ground, the Gates whereof were of burnisht Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver, but as his Testament of a most excellent beautified Alabaster Rock: But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, always maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in Judea attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in Vestal Ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer; the which costly Attire they continually wore as an ensign full of their pure and unspotted Virginities: Many days offered up their worthy Champions their ceremonious Devotions to that sacred Tomb, washing the Marble Pavements with their plenteous and unfained Tears, and wrinkled their true and dearth [illegible] with their continual Sallows of unfeigned Sighs. But as upon an evening, when Titan's golden Beams began to decline the western Element, as these princely minded Champions, in

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company of these twelve comely Matrons, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their evening Orisons, in manner whose to the amazement of them all, from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare Feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canopy of Heaven, Return, return into the bloudy Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Atchievements. And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the Service of God, even by the plighted Promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Fortunes as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by those traveling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the pleasure of high Fates, and this for the redress of all wrong'd Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished. This unexpected voice was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of celestial Angels, or the holy harmony of Cherubins, as a sign that the Gods were pleased at their proceeding; whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with martial Furniture answerable thereunto, well ting Knights of such esteem: thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good Fortunes, strayed themselves in rich and sumptuous Coffers, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the World's wide journey. This Travel began at that time of the Year, when the Summer's Queen began to spread her beautious mantle among the green and fresh Boughs, of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well tuned Notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time, I say, these mighty and well esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendom, took their way from Jerusalem, which they thought to have most fled; to which they had not many days travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountain top, but they were mar-

marvelously feeble for lack of their accustomed Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great Hunger, so that the Battles which they sustained with Hunger, was far greater than the Battles they had fought against their Enemies, as you have heard discoursed in the first Part of this History. So upon a Summer's Evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty Trees, where as the silver Moon with her bright Beams glistered most clearly; yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their Faces did shew and declare the perplexities of their Stomachs. So they sat them down upon the green and fresh herbs, very pensive of their present Necessity, purposing to take their rest that night; but all was in vain, for that their corporal Necessities would not consent thereunto; but willed one sleeping for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed Travel and Journey, think to find some Food for the cherishing of their Stomachs, and both their Eyes always gazing about to spie some Village or House where they might satisfie their Hunger, and take their Rest. Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the Evening-light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to the ground with feebleness. Oh what a sorrow it was to St. George, not only for himself to see the fall of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves; and so parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given me many Victories; thou that hast made me Conquerour of Kings and Kingdoms; and thou by whose invincible Power I have tamed the black fac'd Furies of dark Tartus, that range abroad the World in Humane shapes; look down sweet Queen of Chance, I say, from thy Imperial Seat; shew me some favour, and do not consent that I and my Company perish for Hunger and want of Victuals; make no delay to remedy our great Necessity; let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Air, nor our Bodies cast as a Prey for the ravenous Beasts ranging in these Woods; but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriors in the universal World, and not basely lose our Lives with cowardly Hunger.

These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtains of coal black night were withdrawn. Then arose he to the rest of his Company, where he found them very sore

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and feeble; but he encouraged them in the best manner he could
bidde, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their almost
sinking Fortune. Altho St. George as they travelled was heavy
to Die by the way, and in great trouble of Mind for want of
Food, yet rode he first to one, then to another, comforting them,
and making them ride a-pace; which they might very well do,
for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters,
by reason of the goodly Grass that grew in these Woods, where-
with at pleasure they filled them every night. By this time
the golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and
the glorious Wine of the Day began to approach, when they came
into a Field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little
Mountain, out of the which there appeared a great smoak, which
gave them to understand that there should be some Habitation
in that place. Then the princely minded St. George said to the
other Champions: Take comfort with yourselves and be lu-
stie and lively, come forward with all calle pace, for I will ride
before to see who shall be our Host this enening night; and of
this, have knights and Champions, be all assured, whether
he be pleased or no, he shall give us Lodging and Entertain-
ment like travelling Knights: and therewithal he set spurs to
his Horse, and swiftly scoured away, like to a Bird with hard-
ning Sails upon the marble coloured Ocean; his Beast was so
speedy that in a short time he approached the Mountain, where
at the noise and rushing of his Horse [illegible] there arose
from the ground a mighty and terrible Giant, of so great height,
that he seemed to be a tall grown Tree, and for bigness like to
a Rock of Stone; but when he cast his staring Eyes upon the
English Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates,
or two Torches ever flaming, he laid his hand upon a knotty
Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightness
to meet St. George; but when he approached his presence, he
thinking him to be a Knight of but small Valour and Fortitude,
he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion,
intending with his fists to buffet and beat out his Brains; but
the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that he forgot
the extremity of Hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised
himself in his stirrops, otherwise he could not reach his Head,
and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keen edg-
ed Cauchion, that he cut his Head half in sunder, and his Brains
in great abundance ran down his deformed Body, so that anon
he fell to the ground and presently died; his fall seemed to

make the ground to shake, as though a stone Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous cathrite wind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when St. Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatness of the Giant, and the deformity of his Body, they abhanced his stature beyond imagination, and deemed St. George the fortunatest Champion that ever Nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high Honour, as the Grecians held Jason's Prize, when he turned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece, and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful Labours of Hercules; but after some few Speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what store of Victuals the Giant had prepared for them.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giant's House, which had in the same manner of a great Bath cut out of hard Stone, and brought out of a Rock: wherein they found a very large Cauldron standing upon a Trevet of Steel, the feet and supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillers, under the same burned such a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acheron.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the flesh of two fat Bullocks prepared only for the Giant's dinner; the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort that every one fell to work, pouring for their Groats to eat part of the Meat; one turned the Beef in the Cauldron, another encreased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coals, so that there was not any idle in the hope of the benefit to come.

The Hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their Meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over-sodden; the two Knights of Wales and Ireland not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, wherein they found two great Loaves of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a Mill, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

Instead of Knives to cut their Victuals, St. George took a Cutlelaxe which had lately been stained with the bate[illegible] ans's bereaved Blood, and imbrewed with his loathsome [illegible]

This, and after this manner qualified they the pinching pains and torments of Hunger, whereat they took as joyful a repast as if they had banqueted in the richest King's Palace in the world.

So being sorted for their good and happy Fortunes, St. George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence thorow a narrow Path, which seemed to be used by the Chase, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that Day, till Night closed in the beauty of the Heavens; at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before Night they did discover marvelous and great Plains, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns, at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made haste onwards on their Journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two turning Rivers, where in the midst of the Wood they found an Image of the Virgin, the picture and lively form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all to besprinkled with Blood.

And it appeared by the Wounds that were cunningly framed in the face of the Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible cutting of Jesus, as cruel Martyrdom; the Lady's legs and arms did seem as though they had been martyred, and tying with rods, and about the neck, as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin or Towel. The Virgin Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of Wrath Elevated, under an Arbour of purple Roses: by the curious fair formed Image, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypress-wood; his Attire was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepherds, not curious, but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure sign of sore heavy Discontent, his Hair hung down below his Shoulders, like unthrifty Sere, in whiteness like Down of Thistles, his Beard overgrown, dangling down as it were frozen Icicles upon a bare thorn tree; his Face wrinkled and over-worn with Age, and his Eyes almost blind, bewailing the griefs and sorrows of his Heart.

Which strange and woful spectacle when the Christian Champions carefully beheld, they could not by any manner of means refrain from the shedding of Tears, for awful Love in seeing before them the Image of so rich excellent Beauty, which had been cruelly martyred, but the valiant English Knight had the greatest Compassion, when he beheld the counterfeit

terfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking Tears with his sorrowful hands, he courteously desired the old Father, seeing by this woful Spectacle, to tell the cause of his Sorrows, and the discourse of that Lady's passed Fortunes, for whose sake he seemed to spend his days in that solitary order, to whom the old Man with a number of Sighs thus kindly reply'd:

Brave Knights, for so you seem by your Courtesies and Behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter Woes, and the Causes of my endless Sorrows, will constrain a spring of Tears to trickle from the conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the mansion of my Heart rive in twain, in remembring of my undeserved Miseries; as many drops of Blood hath fallen from my Heart, as there be silver Hairs upon my Head, and as many Sighs have I strained from my Breast, as there be Minutes in a Year, for thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts, hath nipt the Mountain tops since first I made those ruful Lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Crystal Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would be so kind as to aid me in my vowed Revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smil'd upon me, in sending you hither to work just Revenge for the inhumane Murther of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Crystal, as the continual Object of my Grief; and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own Blood, the which my sorrowful Tongue is not able to reveal. And thereupon he pulled from his bosom a golden covered Book, with silver Clasps, and requested Sir George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended. So sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green Grass, he opened the bloudy Written book, and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowful things following.

CHAP. VI.

What happened to the Champions after they had found an Image of fine Crystal, in the form of a murthered Maiden, where Sir George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in Blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters: and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy Revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the Deaths of the two Ladies.

In former times when Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, only held in great Estimation for my Wealth: but alas for my late Daughters whom Nature had made most excellent in Beau-

ty; in whom I took such exceeding Joy and Delight, that I accounted them my chiefest Happiness; but yet in the end, that which I thought should most Content me, was the occasion of these my endless Sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less Vertue; the Fame of whose Vertues was much blazed in many parts of the World; by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherd's Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to Marry with my Daughters, but above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight of a black Castle, (wherein he now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger, I say, was so intangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage; when I little misdusting the Treason and Cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great honour that might redound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude, I quickly fulfilled his Desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymen's holy Rites were solemnized in great Pomp and State, he was conduced in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princess in State, than a Shepherd's Daughter of such low Degree.

But still I retained in my Company the youngest, being of far more Beauty than her eldest Sister, of which this trayterous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughter's Love, without consideration that he had married her Sister; so this inordinate and lustful Love kindled and increased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new Desire, that he daily divised with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despight of all the World: in the end he used this policy and deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delivered, he came in great Pomp, with a certain Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving words that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her some contentment which she desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her

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vion Soul: thus his crafty and sinful perswasions so much prevailed, that I would not frame an Excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demands; so that when he had in his Power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight she had so much desired, and at whose coming she would receive so great Joy and Contentment; her subdain Departure bred such Sorrows in my Heart (being the only Stay and Comfort of my declining Age) that the fountains of my Eyes rained down a shower of salt Tears upon my tired Breast, so dear is the Love of a Father unto his Child; but to be short, when this lustful minded Captive with his pompious Train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly confer of serious Matters, and so stand lingring behind, till he saw his Company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustful Desire, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a River's side, where without any more carrying he carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to perform so wicked a Deed.

When he beheld the Branches of the thick Tree to withhold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over-spread with the sable mantles of Night, he alighted from his Horse, and willed my well-beloved Daughter that she would likewise alight; she in whose Heart reigned no kind of suspition, presently alighted, and sat her down by the River side, and washed her fair white Hands in the Streams, and refreshed her Mouth with the Crystal waters.

Then this dissembling Traytor could not longer refrain, but with a Countenance like the lustful King of Thrace, when he intended the Rabishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome, when he devoured Lucretia, he let her understand by some outward Signs, and dark Sentences the kindled fire of Love that burned in his Heart, and in the end he did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarried Daughter being troubled in mind with his lustful Allainments, began in this manner to reprehend him. With pain (said she) defile my Father's Bed, and stain the honour of your House with Lust, what you perswade me to, is pertain Jewel, the which I will keep dear unto my Husband, to bloom my true Virginity with your false Delight, whereby you

from the comfortable sight of my Father to be so unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoiling of my true Chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight (I will not call thee Brother) look I say, how the Skies blush at thy Attempts, and see how chaste Diana sits upon the winged Firmament, and threatens Vengeance for her Virgin's sake: doth from thy heart these lustful Thoughts with showers of repentant Tears, and seek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage-bed, the which thou oughtest no to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accursed Knight, seeing the chaste and pertinacious Maiden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity, with his rigorous Hand he took fast hold on her neck, and with a wrathful Countenance he delivered these words: Do not think foolish-born Damsel to preserve thy Honour from the purpose of my Desires, for I swear by the Crystal Tower of Jupiter, either to accomplish my Intents, or put thee to the cruellest Death that ever was devised for any Damsel or Maid. At which words the most sorrowful and distressed Virgin, with a shower of pearled Tears trickling down her tremly blushing Cheeks, replied in this order: Think not, false Tempter (quoth she) that fear of Death shall cause me to yield to thy filthy Desires: no, no, I will account that Breath ten times more happy, and welcome to my Soul, when the joys of Heaven's: then might I walk in the Elizian Fields among those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to hold the bud of my Maiden's Glory withered with the nipping Frosts of thy unnatural Desires.

These words being well understood by the lustful Knight, who with a Countenance more furious then savage Lyons in the Deserts of Libia, took her by the tender waste, and rigorously paste her Body against the ground, and therewithal spake these words: Understand, said he, and be well persuaded, thou unrelenting Damsel, that either living or dead, I will perform my skill and intended Purpose; for in my heart there burns a fire that all the Waters in the Seas can never quench, nor all the pitying clouds of Rain, if they should drop eternal Showers; but it is the Water of thy sweet Virginity that must quench my furious burning Love: and thereupon in a madness he cut a great part of the Train of her Gown and bound it very fast to the Hair of her Head, which glittered like golden Wyers, and dragged her up and down the Grove, till the Grass turned to a purple colour, with the Blood that issued from her Body: by which cruelty he thought to inforce her to his pleasure, but she resisted

respected not his wicked Cruelty, and the more he proceeded to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her Honour.

When this cruel and inhumane Monster saw that neither flattering Speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, began to forget all Faith and Loyalty he owed unto the honour of Knight-hood, and the respect he should bear unto Women-kind, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her Cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Reins of the Bridle of his Horse, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew Spots, and horrible circles of black and setled Blood, with such extream cruelty that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold: Neither this did move him nothing at all, for she continued in her former Resolutions.

Seeing that she thus persevered in the defence of her Honour, he straight-ways like to a bloody Monster heaped Cruelty upon Cruelty, and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, and Aline Arms, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying, Oh cruel, and more cruel than any Woman in the World hath ever been, why dost thou suffer thy self to be Tormented, and not give consent to pacifie thy Ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented Life; and therewith his Anger so encreased, that he staring on her face with his accursed Eyes, fired in such sort that he could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of Death than of Life, with a furious Voyce, she said, Oh Traytor, thou wicked Monster, thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Deserts of Hircania; thou stain of Knight-hood, and the blockish Wretch that ever Nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thus thy self? thou deadly Butcher, thou unmerciful Tyger, thou lecherous Hogg, and dishonourer of thy Progeny; make an end (I say) of these my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, give my unspotted Breast with thy bloody Weapon, and send my Soul into the bosom of Diana, whom I behold sitting in her celestial Palace, accompanied with numberless Troops of vestal Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion.

This merciless Knight seeing the steadfastness that she had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruel and infernal Heart took a silken Scarf which the Damsel had girded at her Waste,

and

with a fatal dart [illegible] about her neck and pinched it so [illegible] from her terrestial Body. O you valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this sad Tragedy, and come to the hearing these bloody Lines contained in this Golden Book, consider the great Constancy and Chastity of this unfortunate Virgin, and let the Grief thereof move you to take Vengeance of this Cruelty shewed without any Desert.

So when this ancient Knight saw that he was dead, he took his Steed and rode after his Fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and fierce a Countenance, that there was none durst be so bold to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore him great affection for the kindness and courtesie I offered to him at his Lady's & my Daughter's Nuptials, who having a suspicion but the great alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her, he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Boyle, and ceased not until he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought; whereas he found the Maiden Dead, at the view whereof he remained almost bereft himself, in such sort that he had well nigh fallen to the Ground: the sorrowful Squire remained there a good while before he could speak, but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a doleful Complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great Cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel. And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unloosed her from the Tree, and laid her naked Body upon part of her Apparel, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in Blood, and after words complained in this pitiful sort:

O cruel Knight! (quoth he) what infernal Heart remained in thy Breast, or what hellish Fury did bear thee Company, that thy Hands have committed this inhumain Sacrifice! was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pity, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibal to remorse, and constrain even savage Monsters to relent? So with these, and other like sorrowful Words the woful Squire spake unto the dead Corpse, he cut down Branches from the Trees, and gathered Grass from the Ground for to cover the Body, and left it laying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of spreading Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could, to conceal the Knowledge of the bloody Fact: so he took his

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Po se and rode the neare way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast, that he overtook the Knight and his Company at the entring of the Gates, whereas the sinfull Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any Person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous End of the constant Damsel her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for Sorrow mixed with Anger and Wrath, was such in the Lady, that she tauled the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, she herself remained very sorrowful, making marvellous and great Lamentation to herself all in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft Voice she said:

Oh unfortunate Lady? Born in a sorrowful Hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet raigned: oh! unhappy Destinies that made me Wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul Misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush; but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange Revenge upon his purple-stained Soul: Oh you immortal Powers! Revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own Hands put in practice such an Enterprize, and so stain my unspotted Heart with Willful-murther, that all the Fates above, and all the bright celestial Planets shall sit and look from their immortal Palaces, and tremble at the Terrour of my Hate. This being said, she took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the Age of forty Days, saying, Now do I wish so much Evil unto the World, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive; for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King Priam's Children: And so in this ire ul order entred she the Chamber, where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken Ornaments, where with a sorrowful weeping, and terrible Voice she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygress, with the Dagger that she brought in her hand, before his face she cut the Throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithal said, Take there (thou Traytor) the Fruit that thy wicked Seed created in my Body, and then she threw the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Tester of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which

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when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she returned upon her self her own cruel turn, in taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it into her heart, which soon parted in two pieces, and so the ill bolne dead betwixt this stone that was occasion of all this bloody Cruelty. The great Sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what Counsel to take; but thinking upon a severe Vengeance that might succeed these cruel Acts, he straightways devised that the Body of the Lady should be secretly Buried; which being done by himself, in the darkest time of the Night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle Wall, he heard a hollow Voice breath from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this manner of thereto following: For the bloody Fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy Life draws near to a shameful End; and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murthered. Hereon he determined to use a secret Policy, which was to set Watch and Ward every passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest all such Travellers as by Adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass until such time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto Death, against all his Enemies. In the mean time, the aforenamed Squire which had seen and heard all the tragical Dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again into my Carriage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: Judge here then gentle Knights and Beholders of this woful Tragedy, what Sorrow I unfortunate Queen sustained, and what Anguish I received, for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless Swound, and being come again to my self, I all to besmeared my milk-white Hairs in Dust, that before were as Clean as tryed Silver, and with my Tears, being the true signs of Sorrow, I bathed the bosome of my Mother Earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my Lamented heart, that they staped the passage of my Speech, and my Tongue could not reveal the Grief that my woful Thoughts conceived. In this dumb silence and sorrow of Mind I remained three Days, and three Nights, numbring my silent Passions with the Minutes of the Day, and my nightly Griefs with the Stars when frosty bearded Winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds; but at last, when my amazed Griefs were something abated, my Eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorrows of my heart,

I made my repair into a certain Grove to abounding neer unto my Cottage, where amongst the green growing Bowes, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the Coffers of my fearful Eyes with golden Slumbers, thinking it to be the next of Content my troubling Heart required; but there I could not, for my Senses to a quiet sleep. I was constrained to breath this woful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul:

Oh unhappy Chance! (quoth I) oh cruel and most spightful Fortune! why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowful Life in my Child-hood? or why diddst thou not permit and suffer me to be strangled in my Mother's Womb, or to have perished in my Cradle; or at my Nurse's Pap? then had my Heart never felt this Sorrow, my Ears heard the Murthers of my Children, nor mine Eyes had never wept so many helpless Tears.

Oh you Mountains, you unnamed Beasts? oh you deep Seas, and you infernal powers of Revengful Hell! come, I pray, and willingly assist me in this mortal Tragedy; that these my aged Hands, which never yet practised any hainous Crime, may now be stained in his accursed Blood that hath bereaved me of the prop and stay of decrepit Age, my Daughters (I mean) whose bleeding Ghosts will never be appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyful banks of the Elysian Field, but wander up and down in the World, filling every corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of Murther and Revenge, nor ever shall the furies of angry Soules be packed, until mine Eyes behold a stream of purple gore that streaming from the detestable Breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty Heart like a Fountain with a number of Springs, where the Pavements of this Castle may be provided with fine lime, and the Walls of his Turrets coloured with a crimson hue, like to the Streets of Troy, when as her Channels ran with Blood: at the end of this sorrowful Lamentation, what for Grief, and that for want of natural Rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heavy Sleep.

As I lay slumbring in the green Meadows, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat me thought I was so frighted, that I gave out my troublesome Dream many terrible shrieks, calling for succour to the empty Air. Then my thoughts there appeared before my Face a company of courteous Knights which said unto me: Fear not, old Man, for we be come from thy Daughter to aid and succour thee, but yet for all this the Wild-man vanished not away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my Breast, where it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the

gaping

gaping Wound, and pulled out my bleeding Heart: where at the same instant, methought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my Heart, and they strove together with much Contention, who should pull it from the others hands; but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his Hand, and my Heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild-man's keeping, turned into a hard Stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red Blood, and so they vanished away. Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my murthered Daughter, in the self same manner and form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked Body all besmared in Blood, reported unto me the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what place, and where her Body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Burial: also desiring me not of myself to attempt the Revengement, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corpse by her Mother, and cause the picture of her Body, to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Crystal, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common Passage, where Adventurous Knights do usually Travel. And assuring me that thither would come some certain Christian Champions that should revenge this Injury and inhumain Murther. Which words being finished, she thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy Groan, leaving behind her certain drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grass: Whereat with great perplexity and Sorrow, I awaked out of my Dream, bearing it in my grieved Mind, not telling it to one, not so much as to the vain Air, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Souls request. Where ever since, most courteous and noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely Death, and my unhappy Fortune, spending the time in writing her doleful Tragedy in Blood-red Lines, the which I see with great grief you have read in this Book of Gold. Therefore most curious Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in noble Adventures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take Revengement, for that great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this lamentable History, S. George with the other Champions, shed many Tears, wherewith there did encrease in them a further desire of Revengement, and being ruled with great Compassion, they protested by their Vowes made for the honour of Knight-hood, to prosecute speedily an hasty Revenge and determined Purpose; so leaving the Lady to her plighted Oaths, protesting that sooner should the Lives of all the famous Romans be called from Death, than the

tim-

time of Romulus to Cæsar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be perswaded to return from their Promises, and never to travel back into Christendom till they had performed their Vows; and thus burning with Desire to see thee end of this sorrowful Adventure, St. George claspeb up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, and so they proceeded so wards towards the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his Residence, guided only by the direction of the old Man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lusty in Travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky Event; in which Journey we will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderful provision that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his Defence, the Success whereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and return and speak of St. George's three Sons in the pursuit of their Father; where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Norman Lady from the Tawny moors.

CHAP. VI.

A wonderful and strange Adventure that happ'ned to St. George his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of Blood, with Virgin's Hair scattered in the Field, and how they were certified of the injurous dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of Armenia.

MAny and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young Princes in the pursuit of their Father St. George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his Martial Countenance, but all to small purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with his Famous Champions had their Residence, nor luckily sounded in their Ears the places of their Arrival. In which pursuit I omit and pass over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an Accident that happed to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of Armenia, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter: upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight Path, until such time as they came to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and

thrust

shield themselves from the parching heat of the golden Sun, fitting the Air with the pleasures of their ill-tuned Notes. In this Forrest they travelled almost two hours, and then they came up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very fair and well-towred Towns, Princely Palaces, very sumptuous to behold; likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cistern, and coming to it, they washed their hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they had looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their Courses, with an easie pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a while, hearkning if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain little Feet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose Foot-steps they were, for that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damsels: so finding the Trace they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to hast, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered about certain locks of yellow hair, which seemed like threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of Blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Lady's head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with spots of crimson Blood: then with a more Desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the Foot steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the Hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mount in, but towards the Waters-side they heard a grievous Complaint, which seemed to be the Voice of a Woman in great Distress, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these:

O Love! now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over me, for Death I see is ready to cut my thred of Life, and finish these my sorrowful Lamentations: how often have I ask'd Revengement at the Hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the causer of my Banishment, but yet she will not hear

me,

dey Request: how oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell, yea have the fatal Sisters spun their Fates against my mournful Cries, and with this she let goth a lamentable Sigh, which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their Eyes to the place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among certain green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Wits, and captived their Senses in the fetters of Love, which strong as yet they never lost: she had her Hair about her Ears, which hung beautifully down her tender Shoulders, through the Violence she used against herself, and tearing her Cheek upon her delicate white Hand that was all to besported with Blood, which was confirmed by the breathing of her Mouth upon her rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damsel which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Green coloured Silk as white as the Lillies of the Fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glittering Sun in a clear Winters frosty Night; notwithstanding all this delectable sight the three princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the event of this tale Accident, whereas they stood closed in silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter:

Oh my Rosaura (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pity hath wounded my Heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady; How hath it been possible that I have had the force to bring up thee, the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty! O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy adulterous father? O Girl, born to a further Grief, here do I desire the guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glittering Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear, dear Child I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the Dishonour of thy Generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my Blessing, even at my hour of Death, and swear thee by the band of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy disloyal Father's Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former Honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Queen, to the wonderful amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet

intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her woful Complaints were the impulsion of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscurely beneath the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Damsel give unto her loving Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which she pulled from her fair Bosom, with bitterness of grief and Princely Patience, requesting of Leave unto what end she made it, the cause of her Sorrow, and making an end of her suffering, then heard her (with a loving Speech) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowful words following.

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest Gasp, and register my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brass, that it never may be forgotten; time will not give longer leave, that with Words I may shew unto thee my deep Affections, and that my Death approaching, and the fatal Sisters standing ready armed of Life asunder between the edges of their Shears, inforceth me a most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling, every Member, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatal Hour: but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die, which is, That thou wouldest procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome Death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable Cruelty; and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more strength to hold up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mother's Breast, she replied in this sorrowful manner:

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a Torment more grievous unto my Soul than the Punishment which Damned his Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my Heart pierced in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest Enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Years and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to survive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an Exile in the World: but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your Death, and bridge your breathing time of Life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the Elizian Shades with Ariadne's Shadow, and with Dido's Ghost, here I protest by the great and tender Love I bear you, and by the due Obedience that I own unto your Age, either to deliver this Your Letter into the hand of my unkind Father, or with these my ruful Fingers to rend my Heart in sunder; and before I will forget my Vow, the silver streamed Tagus shall forsake

her Course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glittering Queen of Night her usual Changes; neither shall any forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my Mind from performing your dying Requests: When this weak Queen, whose Power and Strength was wholly spent, and her hour of Destinies near at hand, with a smile did in the said, O you sacred and immortal Gods, and all you bright celestial Powers of Happiness, into your divine Bosomes now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other Revengement against the cause of my Death, but that he may die like me for want of Love.

After this the dying Queen in her Traunce made many moans for at that instant the cruel Destinies gave an end unto her Life, but when Rolana perceived her to be Dead, and he left to the cold beheld of Comfort, he began to tear the golden Tresses from her head, and most furiously to beat his white ivory Breast, filling the empty Air with clamours of his Sighs, making it ecco like an Echo to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Brothers Letter into his hands, washing it with floods of Tears, and putting it near unto her naked Breast, he said, Here lie thou near adjoyning to my bleeding Heart, never be removed until I have performed my dying Mother's Testament. Oh Works, and that last Work of those her dying Hands, here do I swear by the Honour of the Virgins, not to part from my grieved Bosome, until such time as Love has rent the cruel Heart of my unkind Father, and speeding this be kissed a thousand times, breathing forth multitudes of Sighs, came to with a doubling Countenance, as red as Aurora's glittering Beams, for I die, and fain follow this, What, thou Rolana, dost thou think to recal thy Mother's Life with wanton Complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thyself Strength and Courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou hast found thy disloyal Father, as thy true heart hath promised to do.

There was no more to be spoken, but Sir George's Sons and their Followers were almost overcome with Grief, came about the Princess, and proffered themselves to the Damsel, and courteously requested her to discourse the Story of all her Adventures: and whether were true Christian Knights they promise her (if it lay in their Power) to redress her Sorrows, and to give end unto her Affects. Rolana when she beheld these courteous and well disposed Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting Minds, and considering how kindly they proffered to be partakers in her Griefs, she stood not upon curious Terms, nor upon Exceptions, but most willingly condescend-

ken to their Requests; so when they had prepared their Ears to
attention in her Land and fortunate difficulty, with a sober Counte-
nance she began in this manner.

Lately I was (quoth she) whilst Fortune smiled on me, the only Child
and Daughter of this Iveles Queen that you behold here lying Dead,
and she before my Birth, whilst Fortune granted her Prosperity, was the
Maiden Queen of a Country called Armenia, adjoyning near unto
this unhappy Island, whom in her young Years when her Beauty began
to flourish, and her high Renown to mount upon the wings of Fame,
she was intrapped with the golden Bait of blind Cupid, and so in-
tangled with the Love of a disloyal Knight, called the Knight of the
Black Castle who after he had bought in the spoil of her Virginity,
and had left his fruitful Seed forming in her Womb, grew weary of
her Love, and most discourteously left her as a Shame unto her Coun-
trey, and a Stain unto her Kindred, and after gave himself to such Luft-
ful and Lascivious manner of Life, that he unlawfully Married a Shep-
herd's Daughter in a Forreign Land, and likewise ravished her own Si-
ster, and after committed her to a most inhumane Slaughter in a desart
Wood: this being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, and
only consorted with a cunning Necromancer, whose skill in Magick is
now grown to excellency, that the Knights of the World can never
conquer the Castle, where ever hee hath remained in despight of
the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the tragical story of my unhappy Mother, when
as her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Womb, where-
in I wished had been strangled: She heard news of her Knight's ill de-
meanour, and how he had given himself to the spoyl of Virginity,
and had for ever left her Love, never intending to return again;
the Grief whereof so troubled her Mind, that she could not in any wise
dissemble it: so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to
remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the Seed of Dishonour placed in
her Womb, she fell into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though
she had been appriched with sudden Death, which when her Ladies
and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich
Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, for she made signs with
her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose Com-
mandment was straightways obeyed, not without great Sorrow of them
all, for their Loves were dear unto her. This afflicted Queen, when
she saw that she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, re-
viling the Fates with bitter Exclamations.

O inconstant Queen of Chance, (said she) how hast thou wrapped
such strange Web in my Kingdom, thou that gavest thy Honour to that

Tyrant's Lust, which without all Remorse hath left me Comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my Life to sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black Infamy; woe is me for Virginity! that which my Parents gave me charge to have Respect unto, but I have carelesly kept it and small by regarded it: I will therefore chastise my Body, for thus forgetting of myself, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an Example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World. Oh miserable Queen! oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy Speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate Hand should pull out thy despised Heart from thy bleeding Breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy Dishonour. O you Clouds! why do you not cast some fiery Thunder-bolt down upon my Head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? oh false and deceived Lord, I would thy loving and amorous Words had never been spoken! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes ever gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourished still with Glory and Renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the time from Day to Day, till at last she felt her Womb to grow Big with Child: at the which she received double Pain, for that it was impossible to cover or stop it, and fearing her self in this case, like a distressed Lady and abhorred, she determined to discover her self publickly unto her Subjects, and neither hee Body unto them to be Sacrificed unto their Gods; and with this Determination one day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight way came, accepting to her Commandments. But when the perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come further before her, she covered herself with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and wan, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her Sorrow; being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she uttered to them the cause of her grief in this manner.

My Lords (quoth she) I shame to entitle myself your Queen and Soveraign, in that I have defamed the honour of my Country, and little regarded the Welfare of my Common-wealth, my glistening Crown me thinks is shaded with a Cloud of black Disgrace, and my princely Attire converted into unchaste Habiliments, in which I have both lost the liberty of my Heart, and withal my wonted Joy, and now am constrained to indure perpetual Pain, and an ever-pining Death, for I have

have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but Shame and Infamy. To conclude, I have foregone the liberty of a Queen, and sold my self to a slavish Sin, only mine own is the Fault, and my own shall be the Punishment. Therefore without making any Excuse, I here surrender up my Body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods, for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Cattle, he hath planted a Vine within my fruitful Garden, and also sown a Seed within my accursed Womb, that hath made Armenia Infamous; he it is that hath committed hourly Evils in the World, he it is that delights in Virgins Spoyls, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my Consent I must needs confess, and left me for a Testimony of this my evil Deed, big with Child, by which my Virgin's Glory is converted to a monstrous Scandal: and with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech, and being grievously oppressed with the pain of her burthenous Womb, she sat her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their Will.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said to them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger looking one upon another, without speaking any words, but grieving in their hearts for Fault done by their Queen, to the great disgrace of their Country, they put not any further consideration, but prived her from all Princely Dignity, both of Crown and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual Banishment from Armenia, like Subjects not to be governed by such a defamed Princess, that hath grafted the Fruit of such a Tree without her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman hateful and hated of all Companies, she stored herself with sufficient Treasure and betook herself to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandring in unknown Islands, but with Child, devoid of Succour and relief, where instead of her expected Bed covered with Carpets of Silk, she took her night Repose upon the green Grass, shadowed with the sable Clothing of the Skies, and the Curtains that were drawn about her Bed were Bushes and Fairies dancing in the night by Serpine's Commandment. Thus in great Grief continued the Queen, comforting her self with her approaching Punishment, hoping her Lamentations due to suffering [illegible] which seemed

in her conceit to answer her Complaints: at length the glittering Moon had ten times borrowed light of golden Phœbus and the nights clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her laboursome Travel, where without help of a Woman, she was delivered of one verie happy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of Discretion, my woful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable Story of both our Miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyonels, and sometimes a she Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved me for some strange fortune. Likewise at my Birth Nature had plaured upon my Breast (truly resembling my two Cups) the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my Bosom with a Vermilion colour, and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rosana, answerable to my Fortune's Grace. After thes we spent many a sear in great Distress, Perplexity and Silence, sometimes Time to reveals our Woes, more often then we had leisure, the abundance of our Tears might suffice to make short Days, and our Sighs countervail the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sisters attending to my Mother's Moans, and to my great Sorrows deprived her of Life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the time until I finde some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my Princely Father hath his Residence, that I may there perform my Mother's dying Will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her streame Grief hindred the passage of her Tongue, and her Eyes raised such a shower of pearled Tears upon the lifeless body of her Mother, that it constrained St. George's Sons to sympathize the like Sorrow, where after they had let fall a few sad Tears down from their sad Eyes and had taken truce for a time with Grief, they took Rosana by the hand (which before that time never touched the hand of any Man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle. Some after this when the Christian Knights had pitifully bewailed the Misery and untimely Death of her

Mother

Father, they took their Daggers and digged a Grave under a Sycamore tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Beasts tear it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Tree, which words were these that follow:

The Epitaph over the Grave of the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia*.

Here lies the Body of a Virgin Queen,
Whose great Good will to her small Joy did Bring;
Her willing Mind requited was with Teen,
Though she deserved, for love, a Royal King;
And as her Corpse inclosed here doth lie,
Her Vertues Life, and Fame should never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave with green Turfs, they departed forward on their Journey, towards the Black Castle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the Bishop Leoger, and how he fortified his Castle by Magick Art, according to the learned skill of a learning Necromancer, and of the Adventure that happen to St. George with the other three Christian Champions in the same Castle; therefore grant you immortal Powers of Invention, that my Pen may be dipt in the Water of that learned Fountain, where the nine Sisters do inhabit, that by the help of that sweet Liquor my Muse may have a delightful Vein, to that nursing the speech of Mercury, with the prowess of Mars, I may discourse the strangest Accident that ever happen to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the Seven Champions entred the same Castle, where they were Enchanted into a deep Sleep so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the Water of an Enchanted Fountain.

The wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Castle, and one that for Wealth and Treasure, surpassed most of the Potentates, when he grew detested and abhorred in every Company, as well by Noble Knights

ns Gallant Ladies, for the Ioys and Comforts of these three Virgin Knights, whose virtual Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, he buckled himself lustily in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Giants to defend it; wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he confulted with a wicked Necromancer, that he with Charms and Spells should work wonders in his Castle, which Magical stratagems ments we will pass over till a more convenient time, because I purpose to explain the Victory in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of St. George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good Success arrived upon the shore of the Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Pagtean had fortified their Black Castle in which Country the Champions like the invincible Followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the crossing of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle: in which journey they were almost ravished with the pleasure of the Island, for entring into a narrow and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trees of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds tuned their pleasant Melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without fear of any Man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trees that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the green Lawrel, so much esteemed of learned Scholars, nor the sweet Myrtle tree, loved by Ladies, nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers, nor the stately Pine, which for his stately height is called the Prince of Trees: wherefore they judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods, and Goddesses, than a terrestrial Country, for that the Golden Sun with his glistering Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees without any hindrance of black Clouds, for Skies were clear as tryed silver: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shivering Leaves, whereby it made as sweet a Harmony as if they had been Celestial Cherubins: A thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon the enameled Ground, making sundry fine Mocks by their crooked Turnings, and joyning one Water with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such silver Streams, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and finally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvelous great and wide Meadow, being

of such exceeding fairness, that I am not able with a Pen to paint out the excellency thereof; whereas were feeding both wild and tame Beasts, adorned with great and cragged Beams; likewise the furious wild Bore, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were altogether feeding with so great Friendship, as on the contrary, by Nature they were Enemies.

Whereas the noble Champions were almost overcome in their own Conceits, and amazed in their Imaginations, to see so strange Love, clean contrary unto Nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the Love of wild Beasts and tame, in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle, and casting their Eyes towards the same, they beheld near unto the principal Gate, right over the Castle, twelve marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramids of Egypt were very low in comparison of them; in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scarce able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with several Colours. Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and over the Gate had the Draw-bridge, all made of red Brass, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood. After that the Champions came to the other side of this gloomy Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper-stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange Works, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, of which Pillar likewise hung a deep coffle silver Trumpet, with certain Letters carved about the same, the which contained these Words following:

[illegible]

appeale his furious Wrath before Revengement be taken upon thy Person. Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy Life) that thou doſt leave thy Armour and yield thyſelf with all theſe Followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask Forgiveneſs at his Feet: To which St. George with a ſmiling Countenance anſwered, Gyant (ſaith he) thy Counſel I do not like, nor thy Advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to ſend thee and all thy Followers without tongues to the infernal King of fiery Phlegeton, and for that you ſhall not have any more time to ſpeak ſuch folly and fooliſhneſs, either return your ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have ſaid, or elſe prepare yourſelves to a mortal Battle.

The Giants when they heard the Champions Reſolutions, and how ſlightly they regarded their Proffers, without any longer tarrying they ſtraightway fell upon St. George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steel to beat them as ſmall as fleſh unto the Pot, but the Queen of Chance ſo ſmiled upon the Chriſtian Champions, that the Giants finally prevailed not; for herein was fought a long and terrible battle, in ſuch ſort, that the victory hung wavering on both ſides not knowing to whom it would fall; the Bats and Faulchions made ſuch a noiſe upon one anothers Armour, that they ſounded like to the blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils: and at every blow there flew from their ſteeled Coullets, like ſparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies reſounded back the eccheos of their Strokes, the Ground ſhook as though it had been oppreſſed with an Earth-quake: the pavement of the Court was over-ſpread with an intermixing of blood and ſweat, and the Walls of the Caſtle were mightily battered with the Giants Limbs: for the time that glittering Sol, the days bright Candle began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Giants (wearied in fight) began to faint, whereat the Chriſtian Knights (with more Courage) began to encreaſe in Strength, and with ſuch diligence aſſailed the Giants, that before the golden Sun had driven to the Weſtern World, the Giants were quite diſcomfited and ſlain: ſome lay with their hands diſmembred from their Bodies, wallowing in purple gore; ſome had their Backs ſplitted againſt the Walls; ſome lay in Channels with their Entrails guſhing down in ſtreams of Blood; and ſome Mountains with Bodies cut in pieces, ſo that there was not one left alive to withſtand the Chriſtian Champions.

Whereat St. George with the other Knights fell upon their Knees, and thanked the Immortal Powers of all good Chance for their Victory. But when the Knight of the Black Caſtle

which

which stood upon the Gallery viewing all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Giants were slain by the Prowess of these strange Knights, he raged in great Wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dasht out his Brains against the Pavement, had not the Necromancer, who likewise beheld the event of the Encounter, interrupted him in his intended Drift, promising to perform by Art what the Giants could not by force. So the Necromancer fell to his Magick Spells and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their Lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shown: But as they stood after their long Encounter, unbuckling their Armours to take the fresh Air, and their bloody Wounds severed in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a marvellous and fair Beauty, to look through an Iron Grate, who seemed to lean her fair Face upon her white Hand very pensively, and distilled from her crystal Eyes great abundance of Tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great Admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard Misfortune she was imprisoned in these Iron Grates: at which this Lady did seem to open her fair and crystalline Eyes looking earnestly upon St. George, and giving a grievous and sorrowful Sigh, she withdrew herself from the Grate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the force of some Enchantment they should be overthrown: but casting up their Eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and princely Stature, who was all armed in silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her Waste, sheathed in a golden Scabberd, and had hanging at her Neck an Ivory Bow and a gilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great Beauty, that she seemed almost to excel the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions more troubled in their thoughts than before they were. The Christian Knights had not long lamented the absence of the two Ladies, but that without giving any blow, they were stricken with such furious blows upon all their Backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground; yet with a cry they rose again, and looking about to see who they were that struck them, they perceived

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ladure with him, for that he heard a great rushing, and lo-
king what it should be, he saw coming fast at another Den a
mighty Serpent with wings, as great in Body as an Elephant,
he had only two fat, which appeared out of that monstrous bo-
dy but of a span length, and each foot was four claws of three
spans in length, he came with mouth open, of his monstrous
and huge bigness, and so determined, that a whole armed Knight
horse and all might enter in thereat: for sith upon her jaws
two tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as swords, and all her
Body was covered with hard scales of divers colours, and with
great fury she came with her wings all abroad. Sir George al-
though he had a valiant and undaunted mind yet could he not chuse
but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a beast. But co-
vering with patience, that it was then time and great need to
have courage. And to be expert and valiant in so rare an ad-
venture, he took his great cutting Sword in his hand and bouck-
led himself under his Target and Round Shield, and ran upon the
coming of that ugly Monster. But when the furious beast saw that
there was a man underneath she enraged her sharp teeth, she
struck with her venomous stings and with her piercing
claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon Sir George's hard fortu-
pretending to have swallowed him at this rencounter: but Sir George
and fainting her sharp Tusks in his Helmet, which he found
so hard that she let go her hold, and furiously ranged at him
her with such a strength that she drew it from his head, so
that the English Knight struck at her head a mighty and strong
blow with his Sword, but in vain it could not pierce her by rea-
son of the hard Scales wherewith it was covered, and though
he gave her no Wound, yet for all that he felt the blow in such
sort, that it made her to recoyl to the ground, and to fall upon
her long and hideous Tail: then this valiant Knight made great
haste to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was
in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched her self so high
that he could not reach her head: but yet kind fortune so fa-
voured his hand, that he struck her upon the belly, wherein
he had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but a
tender, wherethrough issued such abundance of black blood, that it
sprinkled all the Den about.

When this terrible and furious Serpent, saw her self

CHAP. IX.

How Saint George's three Sons after their departure from the Queen of Armenia's Court, in company of her Daughter Sabrina, and with a Wild Man, with whom they had many strange Adventures; and also how they entered the Black Castle, where they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven days upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.

was vse in great haste to the Rocke that stood therby, wherein speedily he threw himself into a Cave, pulling downe after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightnesse, that the Knights had no time to stay him; but after a while, bethinking themselues on so strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remoue the stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, which they did not with out great difficulty.

Yet for all that, they could not find which way they might enter therein, but like vnto a Lyon through much anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rocke, to see if they could step any Entry, and at last they found a great Dore on the one side of the Rocke, looking in threat, whereat they entred with great trembling, fearing of his bloudy meaner which he vsed to strangle

And being here, one of the Knights said, O most Diuine and Deliuerer of the Gentiles! O thou infernall Death and Confusion vnto the World! vpon whom the Arrowes of Gentile flesh, and drinker of Gentile bloud, tell me whether this thy Enemy was left dead vp of thy left in this Rock of Stone shall abide safe, or that thy wilfull Body shall escape vnslaine? Here is our hearing, our sight, our bloody weapons shall be touched in the bowels of Monsters, vnlesse thou hast buried thy heart slumber; with these words they opened the Weapons through the Cliff of the Rock, and pierced his Caue in such sort, that the Monster presently died, the which being done they returned in triumph like Conquerors to Rome, where they found her half dead lying upon her Mattres.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyfull and loud voice, she said: O sweet Queen of Chaos, how hath it pleased thy Diuine Maiesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and holynesse than any other in all the World, else could they not haue chosen, but haue been slaine with this most horrible Monster; which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdoms: Therewithal she alighted in good state from her Mattres, and they sat down vnder the shadow of a great Tree, where they did refresh their faces with water, and laid their weary heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose faces she fanned a cooling breathing, and with sweet words of Diuine talke her Paramour spake, using all meanes she could to please them withall.

Long had they not reposed themselues vpon Rosanes Lap, resting their weary heads vpon her soft Lap, but they [illegible] and presently vpon their feet, they [illegible] the Knights [illegible]

thanks they found fresh poynt heads, taking within a little while, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true nature of Sorrow, and carving in the Barks of Trees the true Subject of all his passed grief: this man was the old Shepherd with the seven Champions of Christendom (before their inchanted sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to oversee their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But S. George's Song (after they had a while beheld the manner of the Shepherds silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle? To whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner.

Brave Knights (said he) for you seem to be no less by your quaintly demeanors, within this Castle remaineth a Bloody Tyrant, a wicked Apostate called Lucifer, whose Tyranny & Lust hath not only exhibited, but murthered two of my Neighbors, with whom I was conversed in my young years, in whose revenge there came with me seven Christian Knights of seven several Countreys, that entered his accursed Castle about seven days since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrow: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words struck such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they had speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits they had travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when S. George's Song had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not purposing to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepherd: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoil of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust-inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses; and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepherd: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armours, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnished Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared looking out of a Marble-pillared

Win-

[illegible] the Magician, newly risen from his Tomb, in a [illegible]
[illegible] with black Silk, and covered with a Night-gown of Damask
[illegible]; and seeing the Knights with the Lamp burning before
[illegible], he thus courteously greeted them.

Most Knights of strange Countries (saith he) that by your strange adventures, it was better to have the Ashes upon
and your Bones buried in the Bowels of our Earth, than back into
the Jasper Pillar behind you, and found the direct Letters that
upon it, so shall your entry be safe, but your coming forth uncer-
tain. And thereupon the Magician left the Chapel.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and
by a helement Breath founded the Enchanted Trumpet, as Sir
George did before; whereat the Gates flew open in the Mountain,
where into (without disturbance) they entered; and coming into
some Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants,
they slipped the Enchanted Knights, which hung [illegible] before
entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted
Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silver Table, in an Iron [illegible]
on it was written these words following:

The fatal Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguished be,
Their golden Thoughts shall sleep eternally:

A Fountain framed by Furies raised from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terrour dwell.

No Earthly-Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is;
No Wight alive this Water may procure,
But he that is a Virgin chast and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding
them as it were contrived in the manner of a mystical Oracle, they
could not imagine what they should signifie: but Rosana being
better well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently
knew that by her the adventures should be finished, and there-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

thinking it to be her Lover, the favour he was her Father, and
uttered a sudden alteration the name of Speech, and ran with all
the speed she could back into the Court.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, say-
ing: It doth little avail thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die
by this revengeful hand, paying me with thy Death the Dishonour that thy Crown
hath received by thy Knight.

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where her Nurse
(called Fidelia was, who likewise perceiving him the King, up-
on whose wrathful countenance appeared the Tyranny of hate, Death
and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, for pre-
sently fell over her Ladies Body, and gave most terrible, loud and in-
supportable shrieks.

The King, as one kindled in Choler, and forgetting the natural
love of a Father towards his Child, he both heard and saw his Sword
and said: It boots not profit thee Angelica, to fly from my Wrath, for
thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine
own arm shall be the killer of my own flesh, and I unnaturally have
that which nature it self commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a Countenance more red than Scarlet all
Covered said: Oh my Lord and Father, will you be now as
cruel unto me, as you have wont to be kind and gentle? Ignorate
you Death, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken
unto that which I say, in discharging my self of that you charge
me withal. You shall understand, my Lord and Father, that I
was overcome and constrained by love, for to love, forgetting all
Fatherly Love and Duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that
having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour
in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with
a hideous fraught with terrible fierceness like a Dragon in the Wrath
of Heaven, thence (that by nature, all altered and fell.

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Princes kind, thou
worser Tyrant to thy generation: what reason hast thou to make
this base excuse, when as thou hast committed a Crime that de-
serves more punishment than humane nature can think? And so
saying these Words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her
into the heart, and so both his Weapon in his own Daughters blood.
Her great Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shriek, and threw her
self upon the Body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast
to the edge of his sharp cutting Sword, only set at liberty her dear
Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her de-
fence

ence, he pulled her off by the hair of her Head, offering to tram-
ple her delicate Body under his feet, thereby to make a way, that he
might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter,
ran unto a Lioness, she hung about his neck, and said: Thou
monstrous Murtherer, more cruel than the mad Doggs in Ægypt, why dost thou
determine to slaughter the most chast and loyallest Lady in the World, even she
within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleep.

Thou art thy self (if I ly) the occasion of all this evil, and thine only is the
fault, for that thy self wert so malicious, and so full of mischief, that she durst
not let thee understand of her Love.

These Words and Tears of Fidelia did little pierce to mollifie the
Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being
compassed about with a company of Dogs, most fiercely shook his
Tushes, and drew Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had al-
most hurled her Brains against the Chamber Walls; and forth with-
out Wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. Yet, for all this Fidelia
with terrible shrieks sought to hinder him, till such time as with his
cruel hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it
appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her
terrestrial habitation, and flie into the wide Air, after those which
died for true Loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica when she was most at quiet, and
content with her mean kind of Life, then Fortune turned her in-
constant Wheel, and cast her from a glorious delight to sudden
death.

The fretful King, when he beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled
about the Chamber, and that by his own hands it was committed,
he repented himself of the Deed, and cursed the Hour wherein
the first motion of such a Crime entred into his mind, wish-
ing the hand that did it, ever after might be lame, and the heart that
did contrive it, to be plagued with more extremities than was mi-
serable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her Ghastly Spirit, as was
the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus Shadow, whom he cruelly
murthered.

In this manner the unfortunate King revenged his Daughters
bloody Tragedy, with this determination, not to stay till the Ma-
rician returned from his Hunting Exercise, but to exclude himself
from the company of all Men, and to spend the remnant of his loath-
some life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness. Up-
on this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said:

Farewel

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Cares I go,
To spend my Days in Shame, in Sorrow, Grief, and Woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) uttered such violent Clamours against her self, both by rending the golden Tresses of her Hair, and tearing her Rose-coloured Face with her furious Nails, that rather seemed an infernal Fury, sent to Earth, than a Terrestrial Earthly Creature, furnished with Elements: the Heavens Angels Robe, wiping her bleeding Eyes with a Damask Scarf, to the which from her Head and hanging her Head down in the warm Tears which trickling ran upon them, her Eyes like an overflowing Fountain.

In this sorrowful manner spent the fortunate Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus was entered into the Western Parts of the World: at which time the Magician returned from his actual and unwitting, and finding the Door open, he entered into the Chamber, where he found her Body wallowing in congealed Blood, and before her Fidelia sate weeping over her bleeding Wounds, he cursed himself, for that he accounted his negligence the occasion of her Death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the going of her own Father she was distressed, he began like a Frantick Tyrant to rage against Blacks Destiny, and to fill the Air with terrible Exclamations.

Oh cruel Murtherer (said he) spawn from the Womb of Time unnamed Tyger, I will be so revenged upon thee, Quoth-ard King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed Tongue hath brought this fatal Deed unto my Ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it.

For I will call such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continual Torments, that you shall lament my Ladies Death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And in saying these words, he drew a Book out of his Bosom, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the skies,

CHAP. XXXVII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandred up and down the World in great terror of Conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he deperately slew himself, with other accidents that after happened.

YOu do well remember when that the Christian Champions had the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle, and had vanquished thereof, principal Leoger being Lord of the same, recreated, not for anger of the lots, but by the preservation of his [illegible] So in grief and terrour of Conscience he wandred like a furious up and down the World, sometimes remembring his [illegible] cruelties, other times thinking upon the Knight of Arms [illegible] with Child, bearing in her womb the seed of honour, [illegible] reputation of her reputation. Sometimes his raging Mind [illegible] that the bleeding Heads of the two Ladies (about her [illegible] rabiben and murchered) followed him up and down, pursuing him [illegible] with fearful Exclamations, and filling each corner of the [illegible] with tinctures of Revengement.

Such fear and terror raged in his Soul that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with infernal Furies, and that the Serpents of Conscience pursued him to bear vengeance upon his guilty Head for cruel perjured Subject.

Whereby he curled the hour of his birth, and blamed the cruelty of his creation, wishing the Earth to confound his Body with a fire, so that the Earth would gape and swallow him.

In this manner he travelled in a wo person, making all places ring Echoes of his Sorrow and Grief, which pronounced him part such perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and ended his wretched Soul, from a world of Misfortune.

But it happed that one morning very early, as the first light of Titans golden Coach, he entered into a narrow and straight path, which conducted him into a very thick and [illegible] Forest, wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glittering Phebus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great weight of his Armours, he was forced to take some rest and eate under certain fresh green Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did harbour a perpetual

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and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubling murmur on the Pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former committed Cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus publish-ed his great grief: and although he was weary of complaining, yet seeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and to thinking to give some ease unto his tormented Heart, he warbled forth these Verses following:

MOurnful Melpomene approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred Face with tears bedrent,
Let all thy Sisters Hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my Plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your mones sweet Muses all assist
My mournfull Song that doth of woe consist.

That so I may at large paint out my pain,
Within these Desart Groves and Wilderness:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep distress:
Except these Myrtle Trees relentless be,
They will with sobs assist the sighs of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryd so long and this do know,
Time gives no end to this my misery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fate agree,
To Plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymphs that in these Woods do shrowd,
To you my mournful sorrows I declare,
You Savage Satyrs, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my woe your nimble Selves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers in Rural Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet Philomel, cease thy sad song awhile,
And with thy mates their Melodies up-keep:
And all at once attend my mournful stile,
Which will of mirth your hearts bereave:
I will deplore the burthen of my Song,
I sigh and sob whilst I do tell my wrong.

You furious Beasts that feed on Mountains high,
And restless run with rage upon your Prey,
Draw near to him, whose bruised misery
Hath crept the bud of Virgins Death and Bane,
The only thing yet rests to comfort me,
Impatient Heart, abate a while before,
Since all agree to increase my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight;
Sith Fates and Fortune do themselves prepare
To work against my soul their full despight?
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

I muse, and may, my sorrows being such,
That my poor Heart can't longer life sustain,
Sith daily I do find my grief so much,
As every day I feel a dying Pain,
But alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my Pleasure past,
Now turn'd to Pain, it makes me rue my state,
And since my joy with woe is over-cast,
O death give end to my unhappy fate.
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain,
All lustful Ravishers that have done wrong,
With tear fill'd eyes assist me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying hast, hast, this Wretches dying state.

This sorrowful Song being done, he laid himself all along upon the green grass, closing up the closets of his eyes in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all [illegible] in which likely contemplations we will [illegible] return to Rosina the Queens Daughter [illegible]

Leger, when he heard her say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbed and weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner:

I will now bend to thee gentle Amazonian Queen he that whilst the very clouds do study at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy will.

My will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his Soul from his Body, and therewithal putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green grass, without any power to the contrary, his grief so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hands of his wronged Lady, the Armenian Queen, and with great alteration both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful Lines, which contained these Words following:

The Queen of Armenia her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a Crowned Queen to a miserable and banished Captive: wherein as savage Beasts are my chief Companions, and the mournful Birds my best Solicitors. Oh Leger, Leger, why didst thou leave me comfortless without all cause, as did Eneas his unfortunate Dido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? O Leger, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day be that evermore, and counted for a dismal day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foul mischances for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my self of all, and left me fallen into my liberty and honour, although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my forgotten Fortunes, yet thou shouldest not have mocked my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yielded to thee that pre-

cious

This being done with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the blood from his wounded Body.

And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many days, and that he was warmer then ever, with a tender modesty she tore her Privet Locks from her head, and all to rent her garments, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and kissed his bleeding Body, making such sorrowful lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion.

Then she took his head between her hands, desiring to lift it up and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all that, that there was no moving him, she joyned her face unto his pale and dead face, and with sorrowful words she said:

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, even me thine own Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter. If Fortune is so favourable, let me receive some contentment until Life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy self to look upon me, whereto such sorrow may come to me, that we may live accompanie the poor.

Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times unfortunate Mothers tears were not indifferent to certain that, make the satisfaction for the great trouble which I have taken in seeking thee out.

Come now in search and see the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and be not unkinde seeing her: open thine eyes that she may see thee in better wise then.

This being said, Rosana began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all to be bathed in blood: she bore her white hands to his eyes and mouth, and all his Face and Head, the first time as he touched his Breast, and she set her hand on the mortal Wound, where she held it still, and looked upon him whether he moved or no.

But when she felt him without sense or feeling, she began anew to complain, and crying out with most terrible Exclamations, she said:

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the Earth with her Tears, and always in vain calling for thee? Oh how many times in hearing my name hath she been answered with an Echo, which was unto her great woe and grief? And now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to restore her self in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and sorrow. O cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, hard Rosana self to this, to be most afflicted when she expected some joy? O Father, ever thou wilt open thine eyes? now open them, or let the

of mine be eaten eremate.

Herewith the perceived his eyes to open, and his senses none a little gathered together: and when he saw himself in her arms, and understood by her actions, that she was his daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Armenia, [illegible] against Coltrakaria, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the milk white neck of the fair Sabina, and they joined their Faces the one with the other, shedding between them many salt and bitter Tears, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion; and [illegible] and weak voice the wounded Knight said:

O my Daughter, unfortunate by my Disloyalty, [illegible] and comfort my self, in enjoying this thy mouth, [illegible] that I shall remain alive, and before my fair Soul both leave the company of my dying Body: I do confess that I have been pitiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travel with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet before my death (sweet Girl) give me some few gentle kisses: this only believe I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and after words I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Mothers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky Country.

O my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give your Body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite to seek some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in Speeches, she kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighs, and having within her self a terrible conflict, she tarryed for the autumn of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of Death, said:

O my Child, how happy should I be, that thus imbracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be joyful in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee into the World. Daughter farewel, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his neck upon the Face of Sabina, he died.

When this forlorn old Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory, and departed from the Body, she kissed his pale lips, and giving deep and dolorous sighs, she began a marvellous and most heavy lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead Body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

O my dear Father (said she) what small benefit have I received for all my travel and pain, the which I have undergone seeking thee, and now in the finding of thee, the more is my grief, for that I came to find thee dead? O most unhappy that I am, where was my mind when I saw the fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? Wherefore was my Thoughts? Wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal Blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should there have born thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and deep Caves, where are you now? Why do you not come and take pity upon my Grief in taking away my life? being so void of pity yourselves pitiful for that I do abhor this odious Life.

Thus all that while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his Body burial in her Mothers Tomb: Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her lamentation, and taking unto her self more courage than her sorrowful grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body under a broad branched Pine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and green grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the boughs, in hope, that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness would assist her to interr him. This done here we will leave Roland weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Necromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found Leonces Armour hanging upon a Pine Tree, kept by Rolana the Queens Daughter of Trinacria, betwixt whom happened a terrible Battel: also of the desperate Death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane Creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knight had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Necromancer to prolong his life, mounted the same, carried by his Art through the Air, in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which enraged chariot, he coasted over many parts and plains of the Eastern Countries.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his wonted

gons, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arm of the Marble colpured Sea: there he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself, and washed his face and hands and drank thereof, and washed his face: and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his forepassed life, and how he was banquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighs, and began to curse not only the hour of his birth, but the whole World, and all the generations of Mankind.

Likewise he remembred the great sorrow and trouble that he had since suffered, and what toil travelling Knights do endure: in these variable operations spent he the time away till golden Phoebus began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidental parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous Night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrease: all that Night he passed away with such sorrowful lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woful Exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering Beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his Journey, but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pineapple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of a great value and of a wonderful richness: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voice that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the Sword.

The Magician at this unexpected Noise, cast his Head on the one side, and espyed Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep most richly Armed with a strong Enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that, he did not let to make an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgoner, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, entering her to a mortal Battel.

Rosana, who by his determination, did provide to defend her self, and offend her Enemy.

O my Muse! that I had but learned Eloquence for to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two Gallant Warriours: Rosana though she was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in Heroical Adventures as any Knight in the World, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made Sparkles of Fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his head unto his Breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof, it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began between them a marvellous and fearful Battel. Fortune not willing to use her utmost extremity, enclined the foyl to neither party, nor as yet gave the Conquest to any, all the time of the Combat, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously inraged with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her Enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite to Confusion to the Earth without any failing.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her head in such sort, that it was touched in vain, and with great lightness she retired, and struck the Magician so furiously, that she made him once again to fall to the ground all astonished, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of Blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great anger, that the smoak which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

Then thus furious Debil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his enemy: who (without any fear of his fury) went forth to encounter him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it fortuned that the Amazonians Blow did more fall with so great strength, that for all the Helmet of the Magician,

which

which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his request, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Fathers dead Body to an Iland near adjoyning to the Borders of Armenia, and there to Inearth it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his Art of life heered from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her Desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readiness, wherein he laid the murthered Body of Leoger upon a pillow of Velleroe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled through the Air more swift than a Whirl-wind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The Wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to express them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger encreased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the Skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasure, with all things necessary to further their wants.

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead Body, carryed through the air by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange Places and Countries.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Enchanted Chariot, and bore Leoger's body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana departed) overgrown with Moss and withered Brambles: Yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Ladies consumed Carkass; which being done, the Magician covered the Grave again with earth, and laid thereon green Turfs, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

And the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremoni-

ous

ous Funerall, Rosana watered the Earth with her Teares, nuber with
hindring her Eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was
finished she fell into a lowly kind lamentation, following:

O cruell Destinies (said she) with your rigours have bereaved me of both
my Parents, and left me to the World a comfortless Orphan, receive the Sacri-
fice of my Chastity, in payment of your Vengeance, and let my blood here shed
upon this Grave, shew the fidelitie of my heart. And with the like So-
lemnity may all their hearts be broken in pieces, that seek the downfall and
dishonour of Ladies.

As she was uttering these and the like sorrows, she took forth a
naked Sword which she had ready for the same effect, and putting
the Pummell to the ground, cast her Breast upon the point. The
which she did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that
the Magician although he was there present, could not succour
her nor prohibit her from committing on her self so bloody a
Fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soul
that his Heart (for a time) would not consent that his Tongue
should speak one word to express his Passion. But at last (hav-
ing taken truce with Sorrow, and recovering his former
Speech,) he took up the dead Body of Rosana, bathed all in
Blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave: and over
the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all these
Deaths.

This being done, to express the sorrows of his heart for the de-
sperate Death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to ex-
empt himself from the company of all humane creatures, he erected
over the Grave, by Magick Art, a very stately Tomb, which was
in this order framed: first, there were seven fair pillars, every
one of a very fine Marble: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of
Christall: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair La-
dies: the one having her breast pierced through with a Sword, and
the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, was so lean of
body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there
lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens,
and armed with a Coulet of fine Steel, of a cullet Enamelling:
under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of
Gold and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an
old Shepherd and his Sheep-hook lying at his feet; his eyes were
shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled tears: at ei-
ther Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely Feature, the one
of them seemed to be murthered, and the other ravished.

And

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lion, his Breast and Body like a Bear, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to burn continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle Earth
The Framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a wondrous Birth
Out of a Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his Name, as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Plato's Legions, and maintained by their Devilish Powers, but the Necromancer inclosed himself within the Walls, where he confronted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable traits sticking upon his left side as a sure token and witness that he had given both his Soul and Body to their Government, before the date of his mortal Life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the Christian Knights, where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto his Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where Saint George fell in love with the Emperor's Daughter being a professed Nun: of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young Lucius Prince of Rome.

THE valiant Christian Champions, being as you heard in the former Chapter going before, performed the Adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdom of Assyria, as they had solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peaceful and Princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace nor likelihood of joyful and friendly Welcome, for all the Country raged with intestine War, four several Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural Causers and Stirrers up to this Blood-devouring Controversie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her Death. And the breaking out into this hurliburly, grew first to head in this manner following:

Two years after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tydings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made several Friends: for this had they contended in many fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this main chance of War, intending to fight till three fell, and one remained Victor over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But to Treators and Treason the end is sudden and shameful, for no sooner had S. George (placing himself between the Barrels) in a brief Oration shewed the Adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and hauling the Usurpers presently to Death, they re-installed him in his antient Dignity, their true, lawful, and long-look't-for King.

The King being thus restored, married Fidelia for her faithfulness: and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of S. Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperor spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never-daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendom.

At that time of the year when the Summers Muses had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments; S. George (in company of the Empress) with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the River Tybur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautiful prospect of the Country.

Be-

Well Renowned and well approved Knights (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my mind to yield to the fulfilling of your requests: for pure and chaste Goddess Diana (that lies now shining amongst the golden Stars) will revenge my perjured promise, if I yield to your desires; for I have long since dedicated to Heaven my days in this Religious house in honour of her deity, and not to yield the flower of my Virginity to any one, which I vow, I will not infringe for all the Clergy of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the water drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by honour of true Knighthood, and by the loves you bear to your native Countries, to grant me the liberty of seven days, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chast Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently perceiving any more delay joyfully consented, and moreover proffered their services to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great content.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole discourse of her attainment, whereafter amongst this Religious company with the help of some other of their approved friends, they beheld a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six days were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all things in readiness for the Sacrifice: for directly before the door of the Monastery they hired cunning Workmen to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chasing-dish of Coals burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperor with the Christian Champions, and many other Heroick Knights being present to behold the Ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after happed.

The Assembly being silent, there was straight ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and many other kinds of Instruments: these entered first upon the Scaffold, and

after unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool, more rare in seeing them, with Bells, with Bags and Ribbons charged with Gems, bound about with Garlands of Flowers; after them followed a certain number of Nuns attired in black Vestures, singing their stirring Songs in the honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her rode ancient Nuns of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of gold, full of most precious and sweet Wines. Then after all this came the beautiful Lucina apparelled with a rich Robe of State, being of a great and inestimable Value.

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafing dish of Coals that were there burning: and the rest of the Nuns continued still singing their Songs and bathing of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their Throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, opened their bowels, and burned the inward parts in the Chafing dish of Coals.

This with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the sustaining Lover S. George, with the other six Christian Knights, armed all in bright Armour, were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

This Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she raised her self upon her feet, and with a heavy Voice distilling many salt Tears, she said:

O most excellent and chast Diana, in whose blessed bosom we undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves, unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most Beautiful Train.

O heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him whose Soul desires to have the use of it? Or shall I my self consent my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing beauty? I would I had been as the night Ravens, or like to the tawny tanned Moors in the hottest Countries of India.

O Sacred Diana thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the worthiness of her Predecessours to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love without respecting the chast Vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well

Well, seeing it is so, that I must needs violate my self against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the last mirth of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy Divine Excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourishing Branches of these my hairs: for thy I swear before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the society and sacred Bosom of that great Goddess that to yield the Castle of my Chastity to the Conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou gallant Knight of England, before here I yield unto thy hands my Virginities Law, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovest me living, thou wilt save me dead, and like a merciful Champion, suffer me to receive a Virgins Funeral.

At last of all to thee Divine Diana I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much Blood is offered unto thee.

So in finishing this sorrowful Speech, she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Gown, and setting the hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw herself upon the point of that Sword in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, so rendered her Soul to the intention of her unto whom she offered her most bloody ruthful sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrows and pitiful lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance? so great it was, that the Hall of the Pallastery Ecchoed, and their pitiful cryes ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in mind than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury ruthed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he attended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead Body of Lucina, he took her up in his arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voice he said: O my beloved Joy, and late my own hearts delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than my life? Is this thy respite that thou requirest for seven days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death, and my utter Confusion.

O Noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intention, why didst thou not first Sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty? Woe be unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy enterprize: for by it is the lost, who was made Sovereign Lady of my heart.

O Diana, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest, that never more shall thou be worshipped, for in thy stead every Land and Country where the English Champion cometh, shall Justina be adored. Nor from henceforth will I keep to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the Godrid of the Firmament; yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so that there shall never more memory remain of thee for this thy bloody Tyranny, in suffering so unworthy a Sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed with fury, he drew his Sword and pierced the Image of Diana into two pieces, protesting to revenge the Treachery within whose walls the device of this bloody Sacrifice was contrived.

The Sorrowful and grieved Grief of the Roman Emperour to exceeded for the murther of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a Traunce, and was carried by certain of his Knights into a Chamber, where he remained [illegible] by the space of three hours.

The Emperour had a Son of eighteen yeers of age, and both valiant in Armes as any [illegible] Italia, named Sr. Anthony. This young Prince whose Name was [illegible] hearing his fathers timeless death, and by what means it was contrived, he presently intended with a Troop of an hundred armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person to assail the discovered Champions, and by force of Armes revenge his Fathers death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, that [illegible] the Emperors Son, that between these two companies [illegible] terrible a Battel as ever was fought by any Knights, the [illegible] nets of their blows so exceeded the one the against the other, [illegible] they did resound Echoes, which yielded a terrible Noise in the Neighbouring Woods.

This Battel did continue between them both sharp and fierce for the space of two hours, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain: some had their heads parted from their shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs torne off, and some lay breathless, wallowing in their own blood, in which encounter many a Roman Lady lost her Husband, many a Matron was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many Noble Champions, he presently let spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a [illegible] of dust forced by a whirle-wind.

After

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their Names to triumph in the overthrow of a Woman; but remained still in the Scaffold, where they began the Tournament, under a Marble Stone close by the Sepulchre of all which being done to their contentments, S. George engraveth this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was the very same as followeth:

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lye,
Duchess Sabina, yet of Beauty Queen,
Who to maintain her Spotless Chastity,
Against the assailment of an English Knight,
Upon a Blade her tender Breast she cast;
A bloody Offering to Diana chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bad adue to the unhappy confines of Italy, hoping to find better fortunes in other Countries. In which Travel we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, flew in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tyber, filling all places with his melancholy passions, until such time as he entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his misfortunes. There he lay in that solitary place unlaces his Helmet, and hurled it frowardly against the ground, the infernal Furies began to vex him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery revenge. In the end he cast up his wretched Eyes unto the Skies, and said:

O you fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habiliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternal darkness? Or shall I be made a scorn in Rome for my Cowardize? Or shall I return and accompany my Roman Friends in death, whose Blood methinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? Methinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to be termed a fearful Coward, but die courageously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the Conquest of my Death, nor triumph in my Fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clave his heart asunder. The News of whose base Death, after it was bruited in his Mothers ears, he intreated with Bags with his sister Lucina, and erected over them a stately Chappel, wherein the Rites and Ceremonious

...nious Knights hurling all their lives, long Pikes for his Chi...

...Emperor made Proclamations throughout his Dominions, that if any Prince were so hardy as to trouble the quiet estate of the English Champion, and by force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Emperor, he should not only be held in great estimation throughout the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of S. George, but their attempts were all vain.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Lists, and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperor; and of the honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that happed.

IN the Eastern parts of the World the fame and valiant deeds of the Champions of Christendom, was united with their Heroical Acts and feats of Arms, framing them the Pattern of Nobility, and the Rules of knightly Honour: all Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were spread) desired much to behold their noble Personages. And when the Emperor of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople,) heard of their mighty and valiant deeds, he thirsted after their sights, and his mind could never be satisfied with content, until such time as he had devised a means to Train them unto his Court, not only in y^t he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The Emperor dispatched Messengers into divers parts of the World, gave them in charge to publish throughout every Country and Province as they went, of an honourable Turnament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople, within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This

The charge of the Grecian Emperour (to be remembred) was sufficiently performed with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled through the Provinces of Asia and Africa, unto the time appointed came in great pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish with the honourable Triumphs.

At the Feast thereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great Nature and Fremen, among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of Noble Persons, and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights: likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state; and with no less Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants, Many other Noble and Valiant Knights, whose Names I here omit, came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that he was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs, so likewise they came to probe their Fortunes, and to get Fame and Glory, and the praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. He was supposed of all the company that the King of Sicilia would gain by his Strength the Dignity from the rest, for that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight. She determined not to tell, for then his Brother should get the honour and praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

But when the day of Triumph was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in places to behold the sucking, and arrayed themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with People that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the fair Angelica, whose Coat of so great beauty that she seemed more like a Divine substance than an earthly Creature, and fair glistering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto Phœbus in the Crystal Firmament, and was noted of all beholders to be the fairest Princess that ever mortal eye beheld: To whom the Emperour was leaned upon his Imperial Chaire under a Tent of green Velvet: The Knights began to enter into the Lists: and he that first entred was the Knight of Arabia, mounted upon a very fair and well shaped Courser, he was armed with black Armour, all bespotted with silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights all apparelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Palace, making great obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damsels.

the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sunday, to be either Lord of thy fortunes, or a Vassal to thy Prowess; and likewise tells thee, he doth not only defie thee in the Turnament, but calls challenges thee to the Battel.

This being spoken, Sir George caused Valiant George to stand, and bids him tell his Lord a new defie of honour, and to tell him that this and more a friend, go thy ways, and tell the Giant that sent thee, that I do accept his Demand, although it do grieve my very Soul to hear his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperour; but seeing his Stomach is gorged with so much pride, tell him that Champion of England is ready to make his defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knighthood.

So saying, there he took the Speare from the Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his hand to keep to his use; and so to prepare himself to the Combat, appointed for the next day. So that time he spent high the place where the dangerous Combat should be, which the English Knight made more glorious, and was much applauded that the Giant in such sort mocked at Sir George without any occasion.

But it is now no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to mark what end came to his great pride and arrogancy.

At this time the two Champions mounted upon their Horses, the Trumpets sounded, which being given over, they set forward their Courses, with their Speares in their hands, both to encounter and defie, the one against the other, that they both fell to the ground.

The Giant was soon up again, when he remembred he had missed his intent, he returned against Sir George, carrying his Speare upon his Shoulder, and coming high unto him, made a full career before he could come at him, he struck him a mighty blow upon his Corslet, that his Speare broke in pieces, by reason of the sharpness of his Weapon, and made the English Knight to double his Body back that he fell upon his Aspiring Crupper.

But when he saw the great villany that the Giant had done against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Speare in the same sort, he went towards the Giant and said:

Thou furious and proud Beast, thou scorn of Nature and enemy to true Knighthood, thinkest thou for to entrap me treacherously, and to gore me as unawares, like to a savage Boar? Know as I am a Christian Knight, if my trusty Speare have good success, I will revenge me on thy incivility.

And

The Second Part of the

CHAP.

sea, whereupon he leapeth with a lusty force, and carrieth with him his Page and four of the Mariners to row the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night, till such time as by the shining beams of the morning light they might discover and see the other Barque, although far off: at

[illegible] they laboured with great courage till such time as the day was [illegible] with bright Days upon a tide, and to make to great speed, that before [illegible] they were with them; and be fore there was in her a fourth Knight, [illegible] Knight, to whom Pollemus called out, Sir Gally, this being so, I pray the better accomplish my desire.

The Knight hearing these words passed by the Prince without making any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

Where these Knights were the song of the English Champion, who departed from their Harbor in his Journey towards Babylon, to see the King again in his Kingdom.

Now to follow our History, the Prince of Constantinople (seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he received) he took an Oar in one hand, and [illegible] the other hand, and with two strokes he stroke the Barque, he made the Barque to fly, and laboured to [illegible] Days, that with a trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Days, with a lusty leap he put himself into the Gally with his Sword in, and his Shield at his Shoulder, saying within, he said: Now shall you do this by force, which before (for great courtesie) you would not yield unto.

This being said, one of S. George's Song took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the honour of Knighthood to misuse strangers to affail him; so they two bare Knights without any company fought the one of the other, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight two such furious blows, that he made him decline his head to his Beam, and forced him to recoil backwards from off three Seats: but he came quickly up again to him self, and requited him to another, a blow upon the Helmet, that he made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pitiful to see.

name of Knight, henceforth I'le bury all my honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in vile Cowardize: and (unbreaking their Helmets) he fell into a trance, from whence breathed forth their discontented Ghosts. O unhappy Son of Sir George, now a Coward and of little Valor, I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the World; for thou hast lost thy honour in this last Affault.

This being said, the two brave Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their Names and Parentage, and likewise they adventured to travel; the fourth day when it was known, they called for each that they might cross the boisterous Billowes of the Sea: so in three days they travelled all the rest of the Night that ensued, till such time as the day began to be clear, and straight way they perceived Land, to which place with great pains they rowed.

And coming a Land, they found no other way, but one narrow path, the which they went: wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a very Aged Country Swain, with a rude weapon (for want of his) in his hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood on the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded to know the Country and Land it was.

This Country (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knight, you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further, if you do esteem of your Lives, for in going this way there is nothing to be had but Death.

For that the Lord of this Country is a furious Monster, called the Tyrannous Soldan, and he is so furious in his Tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive. And for proof of his Cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on shore, he all to-bewhipt and beat her in such sort, that it would make the most tyrannous tyrant that is, to relent and pity her distress, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemon the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old Mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa, after whom he so long travelled; but grief he received at this report, struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swound, and was not able to go any further, but St. George's Sons, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protested by the honour of their Knighthoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Country.

So travelling both this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to take some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under a broad branched Oak Tree, they passed the night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glitter with his beams upon the Mountain tops, these martial Knights were not forgetful, but rose up and followed their journey.

After this, they had not travelled scarce half a mile, when that they heard a pitiful Lamentation of a Woman, whose voice by reason of her sore grifes, was very hoarse: to they stood to hear from whence that Lamentable sound should come.

And presently afar off, they beheld a huge Pillar of stone, out of the which there came forth a flame of fire and clear flames, and there at was bound a Woman all naked, her back towards the Pillar, her arms embracing it, with her hands tied behind her, and her feet bound to the stake. Her skin was so fair and white, that if it had not been that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alabaster, and joyned to the Pillar.

These Martial Knights lighted on their Helmets, and came unto the place where she was, but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and loving Mistress.

For by reason of the colours of the Castle and with her great Lamentation and weeping, she was so full of sorrows and affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Prince spake to her at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that although he could not look upon her for weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowful sigh he said: O cruel hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief, that wheresoever there is such great beauty and fairness, you should use such hatred and villany? she doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evil entreated.

This woful Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and such all to besprinkled with her blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Mariners, he threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his arms whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in the

three Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unless I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknown in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black vail for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten in the morning entred the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall; to whom one of Saint George's Sons thus spake:

Great Emperour and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady, hath long loved her: in their Births there is great difference, so that their Parents croſt their affections: for him she hath indured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertful Lady in the world, himself the faithfullest Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Imperial leave, he, my self, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgment as we shall deserve.

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Pallace, those four overthrew more than four hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them; who never suffered the points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgment, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the return of his lost Son, requires more Art and eloquence than my tyred senses can afford; I am therefore here forced to leave the Flower of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople.

Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the seven Saints of Christendom.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise worthy Death of Saint Patrick, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the Irish-men to this day, do wear their red Cross upon Saint Patrick's Day.

HEre must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had ran a long Race before these aforelaid thrice honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their worldly Atchievements, and to draw their Noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage (for honour) to act his last Scene out, thus it followed:

The Valiant Champion S. Patrick feeling himself weakned with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Atchievements, became an Hermite, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habiliments; he came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martial Atchievements, he offered up (in the name of his Redeemer) devout Orisons, daily making petitions to the Deity of Glory, in behalf of his desired peace: a life more delightful to his aged Heart, than all his former accomplishments: And now willing to bid farewel to the World, he desired a recluse to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall from the light of all Earthly Objects. To which request of this Holy Father (now no Souldier but a man of Peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a four-square House of Stone, without either Window or Door, only a little hole to receive his Food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal Men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient times Food to maintain Nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and he (the receiver) to be an honour to their Country by the severe and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he, the servant of his God day and night, kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters cold had taken departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations

so

for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Nails of his Fingers (as it were) seemed like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which by process of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had walked (as I said before) thrice twelve months in Divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he laid him down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind Friend, & hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, and making me Famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given me Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakned the boldness of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be chartered amongst the rest of our Christian Champions, for which I have thought my self predestinated to a lasting happiness, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a Memory. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingereth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht Weapon against powerful Pagan. I need no Pompal Train of Princes to attend my Funeral, nor solemn Chimes of Bells to Ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mourners in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my self here buries up my self, and all Offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business as my own hand Labour. Earth, I imbrace thee: thou gentle Mould, my Bodies covering, with humility I kiss thee: no difference is between thy cold Nature and my Likes warm substance, we are both one, Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yield my self into thy mouldy bosom. I come, I come, sweet Comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These and such like were the last Words that ever this good Champion delivered, so yielding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body in the Grave, which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual custom was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that death had prevailed, and the fatal Sisters finished up their labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance thereinto, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and

down the Country, being an accident of much strangeness: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place, builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chappel, calling it St. Patricks Chappel, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial sights, most pleasant to behold; whereunto for many years after resorted distressed People, such as were commonly molested with loathsom Diseases, where making their Oblations at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former Healths.

By which means, the Name of Saint Patrick is grown so famous through the World, that to this day he is intituled one of our Christian Champions, and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his honourable atchievments done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Country, do as yet in honour of his Name, keep one day in the year Festival, holding upon the same a great Solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Cross of red silk, in token of his many Adventures, under the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whose Noble Deeds both in life and death we will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Cambro-Brittanus.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint David in Wales: Of his Death, and cause why Leeks are by custom, of Welchmen, worn on Saint Davids day: with other things that hapned.

SOme certain Month after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fir'd with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable atchievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his Adventure in the Field of Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of Fame with a Noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himself for a Knightly Enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habliments,

dilments, for to brave an enterprize he began a Journey home towards his own Country, accounting that his best joy, and the soil of his most comfort.

But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof; how Wales was beset with a people of a Savage nature, thirsting for Blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdom: and how that many Battels had been fought to the disparagement of Christian Knighthood. Whereupon arming himself with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he travelled, he drew into his aid and assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of Noble Rewards, and entertainment as befitted so worthy a fellowship. By this means, before he came upon the Borders of Wales, he had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendom could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battel, entred the Country, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corn consumed with Fire, yea every thing so out of order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind he saw the Region of his Birth place so confounded, and nothing but uproars of murder and death sounded in his ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battel array to travel high up into the Country, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them people of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the Wrongs thus done unto their Country. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joys so exceeded, that all former Woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge.

The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to increase, purposed a present onset; and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assailment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion being then their General and Leader called his Captains together, and with a bold courge said as followeth:

Now is the time brave Martialists, to be canonized the Sons of Fame, this is the day of Dignity or Dishonour; an Enterprize to make us ever live,

live, or to end our Names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne, where the adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens Bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagans power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent Blood, To Arms, I say, brave followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my Colours or Ensign, do I wear upon my Burgonet (you see a green Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worn by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof. Which Words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royal Army of every degree and calling, got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a green Leek upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the Battel, and by that means the Champions followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before S. David and his Companie beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberless, people of such mighty Statures, whose sight might even have daunted their noble Resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely incouragements; Time stayed not long e're the Battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steel, so laid about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured St. David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keen Darts and Arrows shot from their quick Bows and Welsh Hooks, in great abundance, the Sun also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the Noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carkasses, the Grassie Fields changed from green into red colour, with the mingled Blood that ran from Horse and Man thus murthered. A Noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battel to wear green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only St. David himself excepted, who being Victor in the highest pride of his Glory, was at last vanquished. O unhappy fate to cut off his honour that was the only darling of Honour! Help me Melopemene to bewail his loss, that having won all, lost his dear life, a life that the whole World might well have miss of. Oh fatal Chance, for coming

coming from the Battel, over-heated in Blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lives Members, that without Recovery he was forced to yield unto death, to the great grief of all Knights and Followers, who for the space of forty days mourned for him in great heaviness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the honour of his Name they ordained a custom, that the day of his Victory should be canonized, and called in all after Ages S. David's day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise be worn, by all well-willers to the same Country, certain green Leeks in their Hats, or on their Bosoms, in true honour of this Noble Martialist, which is still a praise worthy Custom in these our Northern Climates, which time beloved Souldier, we will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace) and go forward in our other intended Tragical Discourses.

CHAP. XIX.

How Saint Dennis was Beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his Death, the whole Kingdom of France received the Christian Faith.

Saint Denis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Country, which he had not seen in many years, and purposing a toilsom Travel to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so Noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood, and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and he to his restless Journey as well mounted, and as richly furnished with habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Martialist in all Arabia, in which Country he was then: but leaving that place, to satisfie his desires, he travelled day by day towards the Kingdom of France, without any Adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the borders of that fair Country that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: The welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred, for there was remaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of St. Michaels Order, who in former times hearing of the honorable Adventures of this Noble Champion Sir Beams, and thinking this fame to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the veil of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a final overthrow.

Where

Whereupon this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and said: There was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the Worship of a strange God: and that in despight of him and his Country, he would establish a falsifyed Opinion, and that he wore upon his Breast the Christian Cross: With many other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these aforesaid false informations the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Denis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwise a score of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him a speedy Death, and by Martial Law (without any further Tryal) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in Death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redæmer, he most willingly accepted of the same Judgment, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruel King, think not but yet this exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him, whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my Death seals up the obligation of all my Comforts: And thou sweet Country, where I first took life, receive it again a Legacy due unto thee: for this my Blood which here I offer up into thy Bosom, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewel Knighthood, farewel honourable Adventures and Princely Atchievments. Never may this dauntless arm brandish Weapon more in honour of the Christian Cross: For death awaiteth at my back, to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereto.

These Speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his Body to the fatal stroak; where his Head being laid upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly Members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements belet with cloudy exhalations, sent down sure a terrible Thunder-clap that struck presently dead, the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which strange and fearful spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and

and how his cause for which he so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in: Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great Man: And likewise in the place where he suffered, he caused with all speed to be built an Hermitage of relief for poor Pilgrims to find succour in, and such as travelled in the honour of that God, in whose Name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith; in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint James the Spanish Champion, and how he dyed.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous Death that the Spanish Champion was put unto; and how God revenged the same in a strange manner; and of other things that happned.

HEre gentle Reader with a sad eye, prepare to give Entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions Death, who by Tyranny and cruel Dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour. Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his days in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his Fortunes to the Queen of Chance; which as the other did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to travel towards the Country of his first Being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: But poor and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which he had sowed up in the pattches of a ruffet Gaberdine, the better to travel with; where instead of a bright shining Curtle-Axe his Pilgrims Staff served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glittering Steel, he covered his head (now as white Thistle-down with Age) with a Hat of gray colour, hoached with a broad Scallop-shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green Pallaces, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that time and age bestowed upon him.

¶ In which manner travelling many days and nights, giving still

as he went the poor and needy such small pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain: Where in honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battels, he builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappel, to this day bearing the Name of Saint Jacque's Chappel: and for the maintenance thereof, purchased divers Lands adjoining: with Quirisiters to sing a Day and Night therein Alleluiah to his Redeemer.

This Celestial gift and glorious customs so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a Man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Champion won greater admirations than the high Titls of their Countries King, who being then a cruel Tyrant and proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good Saint Jacques, with the whole Quire of his Celestial Singers, to be clost up together in the Chappel which the Champion had erected, & so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty! a death of more terrour than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to see the Bed of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be short, hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies putrified, and in time consumed away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, inflamed such a light in the Chappel, that it shined Day and Night with such a glorious brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a Quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had been the sound of Celestial Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eyes and ear, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with the common content accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murthered, but especially the noble S. Jacques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countrys Saint and Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own cruelness, and his nations hate against him for this deed doing, took an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died. Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet Hymns of Eternity, and pass on further to more dreadful Accidents.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and Worthy Death of the Italian Champion, how in the height of pleasure in his own Countrey, death (by a Prophecy) seized upon him.

AFter all these aforesaid Proceedings, Nature the common Nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragical Enterprize, and leaving Saint George with Saint Andrew, resting their crazed Bones in the Emperours Court of Constantinople, where they lately atchieved so many Praises of Knighthood, he took his Journey towards Italy, and knowing by the course of Nature, that his Days were not many, he purposed there to set up his lives rest, and in Death to finish up all Earthly Troubles. So coming after a long Journey to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest Pomp and Glory, won great desire in the Champions Mind, to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon the Morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the streets with admiration, and fed his eyes with many delightful Objects. First with great wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the honour of all their famous Emperours, Councels, Orators, and Conquerours, things which yielded him great Pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sibyls, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophecies inrolled, as also the beginning and ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like; with their manner of Worship. The next that he saw was the House of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much Worthiness. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the man lay that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was fearful, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his Daughters Breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theatre, reputed one of the Nine Wonders of the World: the Emperour Neros Tomb maintained with disgrace, for the offence he did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, he spent many days in viewing the Martyrs Tombs and other Reliques brought from Jerusalem, amongst many other delightful sights, he came into a Chappel dedicated unto himself, called The honour of

St. Anthony: Wherein was pourtrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battles, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophesie, that the Patron of this Chappel should ever live unconquered, and never imbrace Death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portraytures; which in golden Letters were Inscribed over the Chappel Door of Entrance. All which when St. Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himself to be the Man, with a meek mind embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the threads of his old days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intombed in the same Chappel: and over his Grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after, the Roman Conquerours receive their Laurel rewards of Martial Victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: to which high Honour and Fame both lived and died this praise worthy Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Country, and by what means Scotland was brought unto the Christian Faith.

SAint George and Saint Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet ruthy Time with his swift course would needs part them, and break this their united fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his Native Country, and to behold the place of his first Being. For leading Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sons, in great jollity of mind he travelleth month by month, week by week, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of Scotland: where having not been in many years before, he received such Entertainment as if he had been the greatest

Emperour of the World: for all the streets and passages as he went were furnished with people of the best regard, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home: especially the King himself, who for the love and honour he bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him his own Pallace, and proclaimed for his noble Welcome a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fifteen days, in which time all the Nobility and Martial Knights of Scotland performed such well-approved Archievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard. But St. Andrew being now aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sate as a beholder, censuring of the best deserver, and gave such due commendations as befitted so gallant a company: and for a farewel of such time honoured Pastimes, he desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soul, & to wash away with the water of true penitence, all that blood he had spild in his Travel about the World, in the maintainance of Knight-hood: a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, & the rest of the Nobility & Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the space of a year studying Divinity, and the Commands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of People inhabited, by which means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings: Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtil Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations: Which inhumane Cruelty when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good Man, and with all speed in revenge of his Death, raised a power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the Sword, both Man, Woman, and Child, that in any manner consented to the Champions Martyrdom: and after, in process of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where he died, causing the whole Kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christened in the right belief of this holy Father. This was the last Deed of St. Andrew, by whose Death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by St. George; how he received his Death by the sting of a venomous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being intitled our English Patron of Knighthood.

NOw droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy, S. George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons, Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day pestered his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep; sometimes supposing his Companions were in great distress: other while how they had won the chiefest Goal of Honour, little needing his Knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another, so molested him, that he must needs make his Adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all four depart with his leave and liking, for Knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some forreign Region, where Noble Atchievements were to be performed, but where and in what Country his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in Habiliments of shining steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, until they came into England, then called Britain, whose chalky Cliffs S. George had not seen in twice twelve years, and now coming with a sweet embracement of his Native Country, he gave his three Sons thereinto a most joyful Welcome, shewing them (to their great comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns, Cities, & the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the sight of the City Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being: upon whose glistering Pinacles no sooner casting his eye-sights, but the Inhabitants interrupted his pleasure delights with a dolefull Report, how upon Dunsmore-heath, as then remained an infernall Dragon that so annoyed the Country, that the Inhabitants there about could not pass the heath without great danger: & how that fifteen Knights of the Kings court had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same: also giving him to understand of a Prophecy, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should

be

be the Destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for Accomplishing the Adventure, should be holden for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom. Saint George no sooner hearing thereof, and what Wrongs his native Country received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed presently to put the Adventure in tryal, & either to free his Country from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt; so taking leave of his Sons & the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a spirit, as he did in Ægypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So coming to the middle of the Plain, where his infectious Enemy lay couching the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of Nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a yelling Noise, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation, so coming from his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both Man and Horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that he miss him, and with his sting ran full two foot into the Earth, but covering, he returned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost born his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting, as you see in the Picture of St. George, with his lance goring him through in divers parts of the Body, and withal contrariwise, the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltered in his venomous Gore, but Saint George likewise took his Deaths Wound by the deep stroaks of the Dragons sting, which he received in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak; yet retaining the true Noblenels of Mind, daliantly returned Victor to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty to receive him, and to give him the honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Country, but what with the abundance of Blood that issued from his deep Wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced by his Sons Arms to yield up his breath, for whom his three Brothers long lamented, making the greatest mone that

...seconded with ...whole Country, that all the Land from the King ...Shepherd, mourned for him for the space of a Month: which ...time being ended, the King of this Country being a ver...tuous and Noble Prince, advanced Saint George's three Sons to ...Noble Offices: First the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earl of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Houshold. The next named Alexander, according to his Name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer: and Controler of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23 day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battels in the Honour of Christendom. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternal peace, with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: So God grant we may do all. Amen.

FINIS.

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